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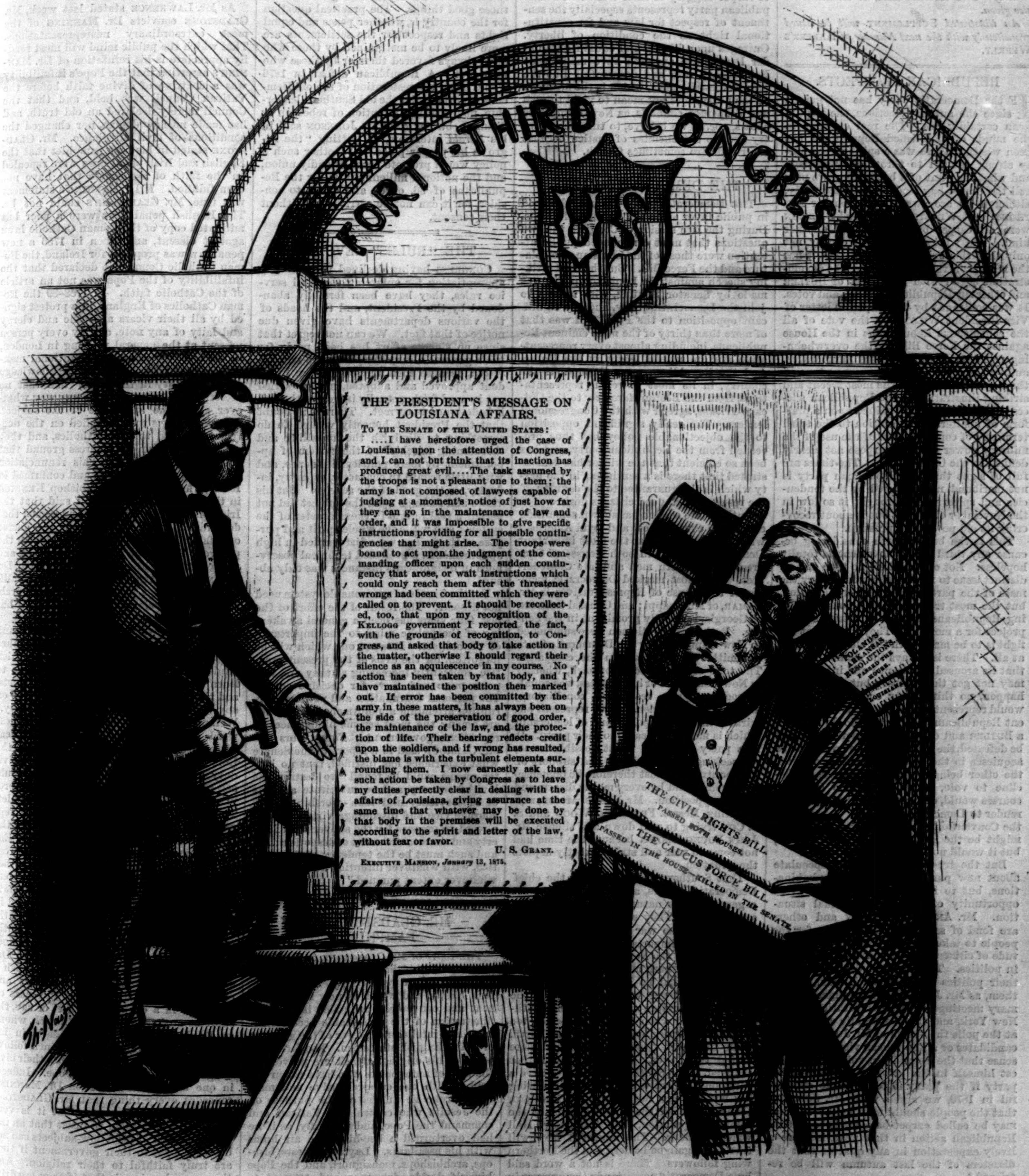
FORTY-THIRD CONGRESS
US
THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL. PASSED BOTH HOUSES.
THE CAUCUS FORCE BILL. PASSED IN THE HOUSE—KILLED IN THE SENATE.
POLAND'S ARKANSAS RESOLUTIONS. PASSED THE HOUSE.
LOUISIANA
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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE ON LOUISIANA AFFAIRS.

TO THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES:

....I have heretofore urged the case of Louisiana upon the attention of Congress, and I can not but think that its inaction has produced great evil....The task assumed by the troops is not a pleasant one to them; the army is not composed of lawyers capable of judging at a moment's notice of just how far they can go in the maintenance of law and order, and it was impossible to give specific instructions providing for all possible contingencies that might arise. The troops were bound to act upon the judgment of the commanding officer upon each sudden contingency that arose, or wait instructions which could only reach them after the threatened wrongs had been committed which they were called on to prevent. It should be recollected, too, that upon my recognition of the KELLOGG government I reported the fact, with the grounds of recognition, to Congress, and asked that body to take action in the matter, otherwise I should regard their silence as an acquiescence in my course. No action has been taken by that body, and I have maintained the position then marked out. If error has been committed by the army in these matters, it has always been on the side of the preservation of good order, the maintenance of the law, and the protection of life. Their bearing reflects credit upon the soldiers, and if wrong has resulted, the blame is with the turbulent elements surrounding them. I now earnestly ask that such action be taken by Congress as to leave my duties perfectly clear in dealing with the affairs of Louisiana, giving assurance at the same time that whatever may be done by that body in the premises will be executed according to the spirit and letter of the law, without fear or favor.

U. S. GRANT.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, *January* 13, 1875.

HAMMERING WOKE THEM AT LAST.

U. S. G. "Thank you! My duties are perfectly clear now, and I will execute them according to the spirit and letter of the *law*, without *fear* or *favor*."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 27, 1875.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

embellished with a picture of Masquerading in Paris, and a splendid double-page engraving entitled "The Besieged Tourist." Another installment of "The Higher Life of Animals" *is also given.*

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REPUBLICAN PROSPECTS.

If the Democratic party has not gained since the autumn elections, the Republican certainly has. The real question in the minds of dissatisfied Republicans has been whether there was a spirit in the party strong enough to throw off Butlerism, and what for want of a better term we may call the carpet-bag leadership of the party, although we are aware, with Senator Anthony, that Webster, Clay, and Jackson were all carpet-baggers, but of another kind. The winter has shown clearly not only that this spirit exists, but that it has the moral control of the party. The demonstration began with the defeat of Butler and others by Republican protests and votes. It was continued by the emphatic letter of Vice-President Wilson, by the vote of all the conspicuous Republicans in the House against the Force Bill, by the overwhelming rejection of the Arkansas interference, and by the sensible and courageous tone of the Republican press. The most recent and striking illustration is the Republican success in New Hampshire, gained upon a platform of unalterable opposition to the third term, and of condemnation of the use of the military power for any purpose not clearly defined in the Constitution. The times are full of signs that the Republican party is not moribund, nor mastered by the tendencies and spirit which brought it so low in the November elections, but is about recovering its old power and prestige.

This is the better worth considering because any third party movement is totally hopeless. Not only is there no time and no distinct issue to raise which would carry the mass of the party into a new organization, but the most trusty and sagacious protesting Republicans do not entertain such a project for a moment. They know that the fight is to be made with the old army, or not at all. There is always the chance, indeed, that its aroused conscience and intelligence may not get the control; but should that happen, no third party could avail, for it would represent only a fragment of the present Republicans. If those who do not like a Butler and carpet-bag leadership should be defeated, the only courses left would be to acquiesce in the defeat as a choice of evils, the other being Democratic success, to decline to vote, or to bolt. The last two courses would, of course, be a practical surrender to Democratic success. A bolt from the Convention, should it be well supported, might be the germ of a new organization, but it would not defeat the Democrats.

But the true policy is not to speculate about new parties and possible combinations, but to improve zealously the great opportunity offered by the actual situation. Mr. Andrew Johnson and others are fond of saying that it is time for the people to take hold, as if the great multitude of citizens of both parties took no part in politics. There is, indeed, no doubt that their politics are very much managed for them, as Mr. John Kelly arranges the primary meetings of the Democratic party in New York, and the Democratic voters have at the polls the option of Mr. John Kelly's candidates or a Republican victory. In the sense that the Republican voter must interest himself in the primary meeting of his party if the party is to be made successful in 1876, we agree with Mr. Johnson that the people should take hold. If what may be called carpet-baggery is to control Republican action in that year, is there a lively expectation in any quarter that the disasters of the last autumn will be retrieved?

A little more time in the last days of Congress and the issue in the party would have been distinctly raised. We had hoped that the bugle-call would sound from the House of Representatives, and that the eloquent Speaker would come down to the floor and in a speech against the Force Bill plainly draw the line. He spoke in the caucus, but a speech in caucus is meant to affect the adoption of a measure as a party policy; it does not necessarily determine action upon it should it be adopted by the party. But the time of speakers was carefully divided among the Butler men so as to exclude the opponents of the measure. The Butler men had control of the time, and they did not mean that the Speaker should be heard. Yet had all the time allowed to opponents been given to him by common consent, and he had stated in a few forcible words the general position of the Republicans who have had enough of Butlerism, he would naturally have been the most conspicuous public representative of that party sentiment. In that sentiment lies the deep, original force of the party, and not in Butlerism or carpet-baggery or their works. The Republican party represents especially the sentiment of respect for law and for constitutional right as the condition of liberty. Outrages upon liberty and equal rights under Democratic auspices have made some Republicans rash and desperate. But the patriotic intelligence, which is the strength of the party, does not mean to yield to rash and desperate counsels, as New Hampshire shows, nor, as we believe, to turn the country over to the enemies of justice because its friends are sometimes foolish.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

The Democratic party has not advanced in public favor since the autumn elections. During the late session of Congress the two questions that most commanded public attention were those of the Louisiana Legislature and the Force Bill. But the most striking speech against the Louisiana policy was made by Senator Schurz, who refuses to join the Democratic party, and the significant opposition to the Force Bill was that of more than thirty of the most eminent Republicans, including almost every representative and influential leader in the House. And the Republican press throughout the country, in its most powerful representatives, from the Boston *Advertiser* to the Chicago *Tribune*, agreed with the Congressional leaders. The really significant opposition to the objectionable policy has thus proceeded from the Republican party, and has been so efficient that the winter has demonstrated that there is a sentiment in the party which is the guarantee to the country of the results which good citizens desire.

But the late session has shown something else which every honest and loyal American will ponder. It is that the most important Democratic leaders in both Houses of Congress are Southern men and late Confederates. The most marked Democratic member of the House of Representatives is Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi; and General Gordon, of Georgia, is equally prominent in the Senate. Both these gentlemen were summoned to New Hampshire by the Democratic State Committee to take part in the campaign. The tone of the speeches of each, whether in New Hampshire or in Congress, was equally cool, moderate, restrained, conciliatory, and both are able men. They represent admirably the kind of policy and of leadership which is most serviceable to their party. It is a party with the worst possible name, yet seeking the confidence and support of the country. It must therefore be immensely plausible, and by every means disarm and placate opposition. Mr. Nast's cartoon, representing Messrs. Fernando Wood and S. S. Cox trying to pull down and silence Mr. John Young Brown because the time had not come to roar and strike, exactly depicts the situation.

That Southern men should be the chief Democratic leaders, as they have been for a generation, is natural, and is due to the same causes. They were the chiefs of the party before the war because they had an object of vital importance, the protection of slavery, which the Northern Democrats had not. The Northern men wanted party power, but they had no absorbing purpose to which that power was essential, and the party was therefore managed by the Southern wing, and when the strain became too severe, the break occurred at the North, while the South remained intact and more united than ever. The situation is not changed. The Southern Democrats have a paramount object which the Northern wing has not, and can not have. The Southern Democrats wish the subordination of the colored population, but Tammany Hall wants plunder. The Southern men will therefore again be leaders, and the Northern wing followers. There is not a word said by a Democratic politician in Congress or in the Northern States which is not intended to please the Southern Democratic heart, and the Northern Democratic press has the same abject servility of tone toward the "gallant gentlemen" which is ludicrously familiar from the days when the same gentlemen took secession snuff, and the entire Democratic press sneezed from Maine to California.

When Mr. Lamar and General Gordon say that the spirit of the Southern States is misunderstood, and that they desire only friendly reunion and tranquil government, that nothing is further from their thoughts than any interference with equal rights or any disturbance of the settlements of the war, the reply is evident, that to secure such results a restoration of the Democratic party is not necessary, and the union of Messrs. Lamar and Gordon and their followers with the best Republican sentiment will surely obtain what they desire. While, as the Democratic party includes all those who do not wish friendly reunion, or tranquil government, or equal rights, or have respect for the settlements, its success certainly could not be accepted as a guarantee of those good things. The practical question for the country is, whether peace and equal rights and respect for the settlements are more likely to be maintained by those who have always favored them or by those who have not. A Republican defeat in 1876 would mean the restoration of the old Democratic party under the old Southern leadership, not with the intention of rebellion or disunion, but, as Andrew Johnson said in his *Herald* interview, of putting "the negro in his proper place." Whether such a policy would promote peace, friendly union, and the national millennium is for the Republicans of '56, of '60, and of '64 to consider, for it can not be carried out without their consent.

THE "RULES" REVOKED.

Congress having declined to make any appropriation for enforcing the civil service rules, they have been formally abandoned by the President, and the heads of the various departments have given due notice of that fact. We can not regret that since no sincere effort has been made for their general observance, they are now revoked, because such a system as the President approved and adopted, unless carried out in good faith, actually increases the evil it is designed to correct. There is no doubt that the President honestly wished to do something to diminish the appalling and threatening mischief of the system of appointment by mere political influence, and with little regard to character, capacity, industry, or the good of the service. But his views and feelings upon the subject did not permit a real reform in the character of the system; and while the whole spirit and purpose of the reform were disregarded in high appointments, a professed technical observance in insignificant instances was only absurd.

Yet the friends of a reasonable system need not despair. The result of the effort of the last four years has been a general awakening of the public mind to the importance of the subject. It is not one which will be forgotten, for the evils of the present practice, constantly increasing as they are, will press more and more for decisive action. The personal degradation and political corruption attending appointment by influence are among the most serious hinderances to republican government. Forty years ago Mr. Calhoun said in a report to the Senate what experience has justified, that no better means could be found "to destroy the love of country and to substitute a spirit of subserviency and man-worship, to encourage vice and discourage virtue, and, in a word, to prepare for the subversion of liberty and the establishment of despotism;…… and such must be the tendency of the practice, with whatever intention adopted or to whatever extent pursued."

MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW PAMPHLET.

The reply of Mr. Gladstone to Dr. Newman and Archbishop Manning, which was published in last week's Supplement to *Harper's Weekly*, and which is now issued in a neat and convenient pamphlet, is a signal illustration of the remarkable accomplishment and intellectual power of the greatest of living English statesmen. The force and point of his original attack are proved by the host of antagonists who have taken the field. With one comprehensive and masterly stroke he unmasked the purpose of the Jesuits who control the Vatican and command the Pope, and instantly, as if he had overturned a bee-hive, the air hums with his assailants. Laymen, priests, bishops, archbishops, monsignori, and the Pope himself deride, denounce, and attempt to answer. And now, selecting the most powerful and eminent of his foemen, with graceful skill the vigorous Englishman lays them low.

Yet the chief of his opponents are no contemptible antagonists. The Church of Rome knows how to post its soldiers; and in a great Protestant, intelligent country like England, which, through its Established Church, Rome has dreamed of recovering to its own control, it takes care to be officially represented by able, accomplished, and wary men. Such is Dr. Manning, or, as he prefers to call himself, Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. Dr. Newman also, although his independence prevents him from being fully trusted by the Jesuit power that rules Rome, is an immense Roman Catholic force in England, by the purity of his life and his noble character, his subtle intellectual power, his great learning, and his sweet humanity. A contest between such men, upon a subject of commanding importance, is a battle of giants. Victory in such a contest is the most signal of distinctions, and the laurel of that victory is on Gladstone's head.

As Mr. Lawrence stated last week, Mr. Gladstone convicts Dr. Manning of the most extraordinary misrepresentations. That which the public mind will most readily appreciate is his refutation of Dr. Manning's assertion that the Pope's infallibility was a doctrine of divine faith before the Vatican Council was held, and that the Council merely declared an old truth, and has made no new dogma, nor changed the conditions of civil allegiance. Mr. Gladstone stated in his first pamphlet that the English and Irish penal laws were repealed on the faith of assurances that have not been fulfilled. If Dr. Manning's statement was true, Mr. Gladstone's could not be. The English penal laws were a poor but mitigated copy of the Roman Catholic laws against dissent, and when in 1756 a new penal law was proposed for Ireland, the Roman Catholic Committee declared that the infallibility of the Pope was not an article of the Catholic faith. In 1788–89 the Roman Catholics of England, in a protest signed by all their vicars apostolic and clergy and laity of any note, and by every person present at the general meeting in London, in the most direct and unconditional manner declared that the signers "acknowledge no infallibility in the Pope," and that no ecclesiastical power can in any way whatever affect the allegiance of the subject. The penal laws were founded on the doctrines imputed to the Catholics, and they obtained relief on the express ground that they renounced them. This renunciation and pledge were repeated and confirmed in 1825. The American Archbishop Kenrick in the Vatican Council itself said that the Irish bishops who with him had signed that declaration must consider how the decree of infallibility could be reconciled with the pledge. Yet in the face of these facts, and without the slightest reference to them, Dr. Manning says that the doctrine of infallibility has always been held by the Church, and that its declaration by the Council has changed nothing.

But Dr. Newman, whose sincerity and candor permit no omission or evasion, makes the astounding admission that the British ministers should have applied to Rome to learn the civil duties of British subjects, and that "no pledge from Catholics was of any value to which Rome was not a party." Well may Mr. Gladstone ask whether these words of Dr. Newman do not come very near his own allegation that the seceder to the Roman Church places his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another. He could ask no more emphatic evidence of the propriety and justice of his first pamphlet. That work, however, has brought the representative English Catholics to renew the pledge which was made in the name of English Romanism before the Vatican Decrees of 1870, and Mr. Gladstone has another claim to the gratitude of his countrymen, since he can truly say "that the immediate purpose of my appeal has been attained in so far that the loyalty of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects in the mass is evidently untainted and secure." But this fact does not affect the other, that the Vatican Decrees do in the strictest sense establish a supreme papal command over loyalty and civil duty, and that, whatever the mass of Catholics in a country may feel or say, the supreme authorities of their Church, whom, as Dr. Manning expressly asserts in his pamphlet, they would all at a pinch follow, maintain a dogma which submits their civil allegiance to the will of the Pope. Indeed, in one unguarded admission Dr. Manning concedes every thing that Mr. Gladstone asserts. The Doctor says that it is very foolish in a statesman to insist that an immense number of his fellow-subjects can not be truly loyal to their government if they are truly faithful to their religion. And the reason he gives is that if they are driven to the wall they will certainly cling to their religion and its head rather than to their political government, because the one concerns their eternal and the other only their temporal welfare. This is no more than Mr. GLADSTONE affirms. The controversy is one of the most interesting, as it is the ablest, of the hour, and the lofty courtesy of the chief contestants constantly reminds the reader that masters of debate understand that fury is not force.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

WE speak elsewhere of the general prospects of the party of liberty and equal rights under the Constitution—that is, the Republican party—but the result in New Hampshire deserves a special word. Party platforms are promises which are by no means always redeemed, but the care with which they are prepared shows that they are at least very convenient, and they are pretty sure to express the prevailing sentiment of the party. It is worth while, therefore, to see what professions the Republican party in New Hampshire made at the beginning of the campaign, and which have been ratified by the people.

They pronounced then, in the first place, for equal rights and an honest ballot for all citizens under the Constitution and the laws.

They condemned the use of the military power of the nation for any purpose not clearly defined in the Constitution, and denounced armed organizations in some of the Southern States as the chief source of trouble.

They declared "unalterable opposition to the election of any man to the Presidency of the United States for a third term."

They thanked the Republicans who in the autumn elections secured the defeat of salary grabbers and corruptionists.

They denounced public subsidies to private or corporate schemes.

They favored free banking and the earliest possible resumption of specie payments, heartily agreeing with the President in his annual Message and the Secretary of the Treasury in his report.

They earnestly desired the same protection, peace, and prosperity for the people of the South that they themselves enjoy; condemned all rapacity and maladministration on the part of any Republican officer, white or black, and all intimidation and lawlessness on the part of White Leagues and white employers; and they called upon Congress to give peace and a republican form of government to Louisiana without delay.

They proclaimed uncompromising hostility to every form of official venality and corruption.

They favored home enterprise, industry, temperance, and free education.

These were the declarations upon which the New Hampshire Republicans contested the State. They nominated candidates of the best character, who were true representatives of the principles, and upon a greatly increased vote they have achieved a decided success. *In hoc signo.* They have shown how the good work is to be done. They bravely announced a platform on which every man who has supported the Republican party, and who believes in the principle of the amendments, can stand, and they proved their sincerity by censuring many tendencies that have appeared in Republican councils, by a frank rejection of the third term chimera, and by irreproachable nominations. Had they been silent upon the third term, had they applauded every thing that has been done in Louisiana, and had they demanded a Force Bill, New Hampshire would have been hopelessly lost, and a fatal discouragement would have fallen upon patriotic men every where. The New Hampshire Republicans were wise enough to be brave, and they and the country have the reward of courage. Republicans elsewhere have only to do likewise.

AN AMUSING PERVERSION.

THE *National Educator*, a journal published in Kutztown, Pennsylvania, makes a very ingenious perversion of a late remark of *Harper's Weekly* in an article upon foreign languages in the public schools. If the perversion is intentional, it is of no importance; but if it is the result of a real misunderstanding, it is extraordinary. The doctrine of the article was that it is very undesirable, for many and obvious reasons, which were stated, that foreign languages should be taught at the public expense in the public schools. But considering that there are so many German children of new-comers who can not be taught at all except in their own language, we said, having this fact in mind, "It is possible that under certain circumstances it may be wise to employ teachers who know German, but only to bring the young German children into instruction in English as soon as possible." That is to say, as the context plainly shows, that the teacher's knowledge of German is to be turned for a certain time to a certain purpose.

Thereupon the *National Educator*, which is read, we presume, by citizens of German birth, exclaims:

> "Two thousand German-speaking teachers of Eastern Pennsylvania, sons of our honest, hard-working farmers and mechanics, the bone and sinew of our State, 'it is possible that under certain circumstances it may be wise to employ you, but *only*, etc.,' till the Yankee element can be imported to displace you. As soon as possible a horde of carpet-baggers is to be let loose on you. These are the deep-laid plots, the vile conspiracies, of these fanatics, who are only waiting for compulsory education or a similar opportunity to 'send you flying.' Then the German-speaking teachers in our public and normal schools, tried and true men,....and four-fifths of the teachers in the rural districts in Lehigh, Northampton, Berks, Lebanon, Lancaster, York, and other counties, who are so unfortunate as to speak German, are to be declared a nuisance to be displaced by non-German-speaking Yankees. Such teachers as Butterweck, Fegely, Hintenach, Schneeberger, and Warmkessel will have to petition a Yankee Legislature to have their names changed to Butterlightcake, Birdie, Afterwards, Snowcitizen, and Warmkettle, because at present they sound as if their possessors could speak German. And shall we come to this? Be we men, and suffer such dishonor?"

We doubt if any one of the teachers to whom this amusing appeal is made imagines that we object to a teacher's knowledge of the German language, or that we cherish any dark design of punishing such knowledge by peremptory dismissal. And we have no doubt whatever that they agree with us that the language of our common schools should be that of this country, and not of Germany, or France, or Italy, or Sweden. The German immigrant to this country will naturally speak his native tongue, and his children will speak it from his lips and in his home. But if he comes to America as to his future home, and sincerely casts in his lot with the country, without the least infidelity of feeling to his father-land, he will wish as much as possible to smooth the path of his children in the country that is to be theirs, and one of the surest ways to do this is to make them familiar with the language of that country as soon as it can be well and conveniently done.

We might ask pardon of the readers of the *National Educator* for correcting so gross a perversion of our plain meaning, but we are unwilling that any citizen of German birth should not understand that it was the language, not the teacher, that we had in mind.

PERSONAL.

MR. DISRAELI is noted, among other things, by the unwavering regularity and punctuality of his attendance in Parliament. Always from five to ten minutes before the commencement of public business he comes walking slowly down the House, making obeisance to the chair with lowly dignity as he reaches the corner of the table. Among his many claims to Parliamentary pre-eminence, it must be said that no man enters the House of Commons with such easy confidence, yet with such reverential bearing, as the Premier. The duty of bowing to the chair on entering and leaving the House is a curiously painful ordeal to most members, who simply make an ungracious nod, and hurriedly and blushingly accomplish an awkward curvature of the senatorial backbone. Mr. GLADSTONE evaded the difficult manœuvre by always coming in from behind the Speaker's chair.

—Speaking of the most prominent orators at Washington, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says: "The coolest and most accomplished debater on the floor of Congress is Judge E. ROCKWOOD HOAR, of Massachusetts. Always courteous and strictly parliamentary, eloquent, scholarly, as well as thoroughly informed in public affairs, he has no superior in debate in the body of which he is a member.

—MAX MÜLLER goes soon to the Continent, where he will make arrangements for the great work which he has undertaken—the translation into European languages of all the Oriental Bibles. The great Oriental scholars of Europe will co-operate with him in the work.

—The oldest man in the State of New York, if not in the United States, is Mr. COOK ST. JOHN, of Walton, Delaware County. He was born June 3, 1773. His earliest recollection is of his eldest brother telling of the battle of Bunker Hill, and of his mother weeping because his brother had enlisted for the war. There are of his lineal descendants now living four children, twenty-seven grandchildren, thirty-nine great-grandchildren, and seven great-great-grandchildren. His first Presidential vote was cast for JOHN ADAMS in 1796, and he has voted at every Presidential election since. JEFFERSON, MADISON, MONROE, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, HARRISON, TAYLOR, LINCOLN, and GRANT in turn received his support. Notwithstanding his great age, Mr. ST. JOHN's mental and bodily faculties are in a remarkable state of preservation. "Five prominent causes," a Walton clergyman remarks, "have conduced to his longevity, viz., industry, temperance, cheerfulness, an approving conscience, and a firm reliance on Divine Providence."

—The King of Burmah announces that he is about to start a newspaper, and will do the leaders himself. Every Burman who does not subscribe will be shot, or in some quiet, economical way removed from the planet.

—The recent declination of aristocratic titles by TENNYSON and CARLYLE has occasioned unusual remark in England, and given to literary men a fine opportunity to "glorify their office." Mr. CARLYLE realized that the proffered honor was offered not for his merit, but for his success; that the money part of it was offered when he doesn't need it, but was not suggested when he did. He earned his success as plain THOMAS CARLYLE, and he has no disposition to make it part of the fringe of an aristocracy he has never respected. Nor does he regard a reward that has for years been bestowed upon mere partisans, or men of enormous wealth whose money was wanted by parties, as the proper reward for a life and work whose chief worth lies in their unswerving independence and unpurchasable veracity.

—Mr. ALFRED TENNYSON is one of the few poets who have productive lands and money. He possesses manors in several English counties, besides his fine home and estate in the Isle of Wight. His house at Haslemere, in Surrey, was occupied by Earl RUSSELL during the writing of his *Recollections*. We suspect, however, that, with the single exception of SAMUEL ROGERS, no poet of this or any previous time has enjoyed so large an income as Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Besides owning several fine country places and the income from his copyrights, his revenue as part proprietor of the *Evening Post* is of a princely character. Indeed, he could live elegantly on the interest of his income. ROGERS was a very opulent banker, and poetry one of his pastimes. Mr. BRYANT's whole life has been devoted to writing.

—Postmaster JAMES, of this city, has had his salary increased by Congress from $6000 to $8000. Two Democratic members of the House of Representatives endeavored, as a matter of simple justice, to have it fixed at $10,000, and paid a warm tribute to the great administrative ability of Mr. JAMES. It is admitted on all hands that we have never in New York had a Postmaster who has so zealously and successfully endeavored to extend our postal facilities, and make the department a swift servitor of the people.

—Archbishop M'CLOSKEY having been raised to the dignity of cardinal, it will be etiquette for him always to appear in a costume some portion of which shall be scarlet. This is supposed to symbolize the special readiness of dignitaries of that class to shed their blood for the good of the Church. The full dress of a cardinal is one of the most gorgeous and striking costumes worn by civilized men.

—A gentleman who recently saw THOMAS CARLYLE taking his customary afternoon walk through the suburbs of London says that he goes usually alone, wearing a very old felt hat askew on his thick, stubby gray head; and a more gloomy, unsocial, cynical looking old man is seldom to be seen. No one could pass him without taking note of him; his face would attract the attention of a street urchin, so singularly expressive of a wholly unusual character is it. He is very sallow and hollow-cheeked; his eyes, dull and glassy, are deep sunk in their sockets; he wears a rough, short, tangled beard and mustache, white all but here and there a stray streak of brown; his form is bent, and he stalks on in the gloomiest apparent indifference to the world about him. At home he occupies a harum-scarum study at the top of the house most of the day: of this sometimes, when closeted with a friend, he makes a bear-garden, with his hurried pacing of the floor and his bitter and voluble homilies about the littleness of mankind.

—Speaking of Mr. HENRY M. STANLEY's present expedition to Africa, an English paper says: "His first letter shows that he has, at the outset of his journey, accomplished a great work, the moral and material importance of which can hardly be exaggerated. In thirty days he explored the Rufigi River, which Mr. KIRK reported to be navigable. Mr. STANLEY, as the result of his spirited voyage in the Yarmouth yawl, the *Wave*, informs us that the river carries a good navigable channel fifty miles inland, and he believes that for nearly half that distance the largest Mississippi steamboat of five thousand tons might safely float. Mr. STANLEY, by his initial bit of work, puts the British consul at Zanzibar to shame, and justifies the belief that he is not unworthy to continue the work which was begun by LIVINGSTONE."

—Chief Justice WAITE has views as to the eternal fitness of things. A few days since a noble counselor commenced to address the Supreme Court of the U. S. attired in an overcoat. The S. C. of the U. S. had not been in the habit of being addressed by a counselor thus habited. So WAITE, C. J., consulted *sotto voce* with his brethren of the bench, and casting his orbs upon the counselor, remarked that the Court could not permit argument from man enshrined in overcoat, however fine its texture or tasteful its construction. The counselor recognized the suavity of the C. J., and peeled off the paletot.

—The Rev. FREDERICK W. FARRAR, author of the *Life of Christ*, recently re-issued in this country by E. P. DUTTON & Co., has been appointed to the new Anglican episcopate of Brisbane, Australia. He was formerly a military chaplain in India, and was at Delhi during the siege. He was also for two years a missionary in the interior of Australia.

—The literary remains of WILLIAM VON KAULBACH are reputed to be of great value from a historical as well as an artistic point of view, and include an extensive correspondence on the subject of his paintings of the Reformation period with RANKE, OLFERS, MÜLLER, BETHMANN-HOLWEG, and many others celebrated in the ranks of history and literature. One of the most characteristic of these earlier literary remains is the painter's sketch-book diary of his first impressions of Munich, as seen in 1826.

—Few literary people were on terms of closer friendship than CHARLES KINGSLEY and FREDERICK MAURICE; and MAURICE has been heard to say that KINGSLEY was the best son, the best father, the best husband, the best friend, the best parish priest, that he ever knew.

—The ignorance of Americans about English localities is to your true son of Albion "just one of those things, you know, which no feller can understand," but it is somewhat soothing to our national vanity to meet some of their most cultured representatives on this side the pond. The astounding geographical discoveries made by these unconscious explorers, which they frankly confide to you in conversation, are something to excite the envy of SCHWEINFURTH or BAKER. The English journalists alone make none of these mistakes. A few months ago, however, the *Saturday Review*, always *au courant* touching Southern affairs, spoke of LEE's surrender "at *the* Appomattox;" and in a recent number of the *Athenæum* a reviewer takes a sly hit at our vulgar custom of "interviewing" by describing how LOUIS NAPOLEON snubbed an enterprising Bohemian on a steamer "in the Gulf of Chesapeake."

—The German papers announce that some time during the present month Dr. GEORGE SCHWEINFURTH, the celebrated African explorer, will leave Berlin for Cairo, where, by appointment of the Khedive, he is to be general director of the museums and scientific institutions of the Egyptian capital. Professor BRUGSCH, of Heidelberg, another eminent German scholar, is also in Cairo, having been appointed two years ago state historiographer to the Viceroy. The Berlin press complains that the imperial government has offered no sufficient inducements to keep such a distinguished *savant* as SCHWEINFURTH at home, and suggests that perhaps an appointment as professor in the University of Berlin might have had the desired effect. Dr. SCHWEINFURTH's great work, *The Heart of Africa*, published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, is now regarded on the Continent as the standard book on African exploration.

—It has heretofore been supposed that the more ambitious and rhetorical speeches of Mr. JOHN BRIGHT were written out at full length before they were heard in the House of Commons. Within the last month Mr. BRIGHT has denied to a friend having ever done any thing of the kind, but he has admitted that his speeches have been always prepared with extreme labor and after much premeditation. It was remarked by Mr. DISRAELI on the 2d of March, 1865, the day of Mr. COBDEN's death: "There are some men who, although they are not present, are still members of the House, independent of dissolutions or the caprice of constituencies, and even of the course of time. I think that Mr. COBDEN is one of these men; and I believe that when the verdict of posterity shall be recorded upon his life and conduct, it will be said of him that he was without doubt the greatest politician that the upper middle class of this country has as yet produced." It will be said of JOHN BRIGHT that he was the greatest orator who, with no advantage of educational accomplishments, with no recommendations of social influence, sprung from the same class as RICHARD COBDEN, and advocating the same views, ever held the ear of so fastidious an assemblage as the English House of Commons.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE special session of the United States Senate was resumed on the 8th.—Mr. Morton called up the resolution for the admission of Mr. Pinchback as Senator from Louisiana, and made a lengthy speech in support of it.—Among the nominations made by the President on the 8th were the following: Godlove S. Orth, minister to Austria; Horace Maynard, minister to Constantinople. Both were confirmed the next day.—The new standing committees were announced on the 9th. Mr. Morton is chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, Mr. Cameron of the Committee on Foreign Relations, Mr. Sherman of the Committee on Finance, Mr. Conkling of the Committee on Commerce, and Mr. Clayton of the Committee on Civil Service and Retrenchment.—The new treaty with Belgium was ratified by the Senate on the 10th, with an article providing for the reciprocal free transit of goods through the territory of either country.

By an act of Congress, approved on the 3d, the postage on the following articles is increased from one cent for two ounces to one cent per ounce: books, transient newspapers and periodicals, merchandise, patterns, samples, circulars, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, seeds, cuttings, bulbs, scions, and like matter.

Congress having failed to make an appropriation to carry out the civil service reform, President Grant has abandoned the system, and given orders for the abolishment of all the sub-boards throughout the country. The departments have issued circulars announcing the abolition of the rules governing them respectively, wherever operative, and announcing a return to the former method of appointing employés, as provided for by section 164 of the Revised Statutes, enacted June 22, 1874, which reads as follows: "No clerk shall be appointed to any department in either of the four classes until he has been examined and found qualified by a board of three examiners, to consist of the chief of the bureau or office into which such clerk is to be appointed and two other clerks, to be selected by the head of the department."

The New Hampshire State election, held on the 9th, resulted in the defeat of the Democrats. Person C. Cheney, the Republican candidate for Governor, has a plurality of 100 votes, but not a majority. The election is therefore thrown into the State Legislature. The Republicans have a majority in the Lower House, while the Democrats elect two out of the three Congressmen. The result shows a Republican gain of 3000 over last year's vote.

Vicar-General Quinn, John E. Develin, and Henry Hoguet appeared before the Ways and Means Committee of the New York State Assembly on the 11th in advocacy of an appropriation of $100,000 in the Supply Bill for the support of the New York Catholic Protectory.

Brigham Young has been fined $25 and imprisoned one day in the Salt Lake City jail for neglecting to obey an order of the court that he should pay $3000 costs and $500 monthly alimony to his wife, Ann Eliza.

The sum total of appropriations made by the last Congress was $175,304,265 33, or $1,714,454 10 less than those of the previous year. It was made up as follows: Post-office, $37,524,360; Pension, $30,000,000; Sundry Civil, $26,622,682 70; Army, $27,933,830; Legislative, Executive, etc., $18,886,229 99; River and Harbor, $6,662,078 07; Naval, $17,001,306 40; Indian, $5,074,554 55; Consular and Diplomatic, $1,374,985; Fortifications, $850,000; Military Academy, $364,740; Deficiency, $3,009,498 62.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE papists in Mexico still continue to persecute unoffending Protestants, many of whom in Acapulco and elsewhere are preparing to flee the country. The streets of the city just mentioned are crowded with fanatics who shout, "Death to the Protestants!" The name of the American recently assassinated there was Henry Morris, of Boston.

It is reported in the Berlin dispatches to the London *Times* that Germany has asked Italy whether she will continue to exempt the Pope from the obligations of law, and complains that he is now abusing the liberty given him for the purpose of fomenting rebellion in Germany.

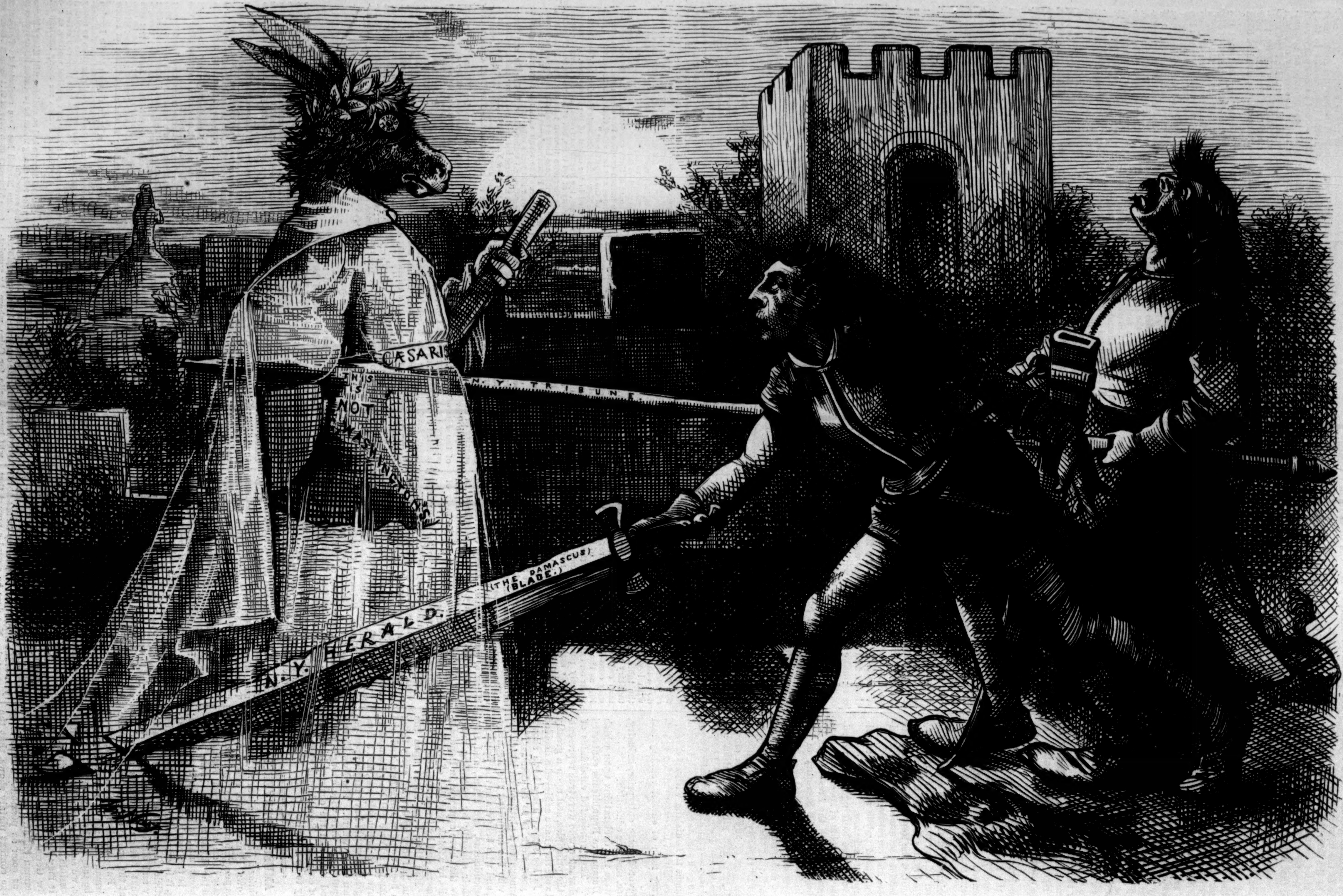
The convention between Spain and the United States for the settlement of the *Virginius* affair was signed at Madrid on the 5th.

The new French cabinet is announced as follows: M. Buffet, Minister of the Interior; M. Dufaure, Minister of Justice; M. Leon Say, Minister of Finance; M. Wallon, Minister of Public Instruction; Vicomte de Meaux, of the Right, Minister of Agriculture; Duc Decazes, Minister of Foreign Affairs; General De Cissey, Minister of War; Admiral De Montaignac, Minister of the Marine; M. Caillaux, Minister of Public Works.

It is reported in a Berlin dispatch to the London *Times* that the Pope has permitted the Austrian bishops to comply with the law requiring them to notify the authorities of the names of the priests appointed to livings. This is considered in Berlin as evidence that the Pope is actuated by political motives, as the laws of Austria and Prussia are nearly identical on this subject.

Marshal Serrano had an audience with King Alfonso on the 9th, during which he protested his devotion to his sovereign.

John Mitchell has been re-elected to Parliament from Tipperary by a vote of 3114 against 746 for his opponent.


CÆSARIS
THIS IS NOT WASHINGTON'S
N.Y. TRIBUNE
N.Y. HERALD
(THE DAMASCUS) (BLADE.)

A MOONSHINE SCENE.

"We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery."—SHAKSPEARE.

[This Story was commenced in Harper's Weekly dated October 10, 1874.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "Armadale," "Man and Wife," "The Moonstone," etc.

Part II.—Paradise Regained.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—(*Continued.*)

WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?

I read as follows:

"Strange Doings at Gleninch.—A romance in real life seems to be in course of progress at Mr. Macallan's country-house. Private excavations are taking place—if our readers will pardon us the unsavory allusion?—at the dust heap, of all places in the world! Something has assuredly been discovered; but nobody knows what. This alone is certain: For weeks past, two strangers from London (superintended by our respected fellow-citizen, Mr. Playmore) have been at work night and day in the library at Gleninch, with the door locked. Will the secret ever be revealed? And will it throw any light on a mysterious and shocking event which our readers have learned to associate with the past history of Gleninch? Perhaps when Mr. Macallan returns, he may be able to answer these questions. In the mean time we can only await events."

I laid the newspaper slip on the table, in no very Christian frame of mind toward the persons concerned in producing it. Some reporter in search of news had evidently been prying about the grounds at Gleninch, and some busybody in the neighborhood had in all probability sent the published paragraph to Eustace. Entirely at a loss what to do, I waited for my husband to speak. He did not keep me in suspense—he questioned me instantly.

"Do you understand what it means, Valeria?"

I answered honestly—I owned that I understood what it meant.

He waited again, as if he expected me to say more. I still kept the only refuge left to me—the refuge of silence.

"Am I to know no more than I know now?" he proceeded, after an interval. "Are you not bound to tell me what is going on in my own house?"

It is a common remark that people, if they can think at all, think quickly in emergencies. There was but one way out of the embarrassing position in which my husband's last words had placed me. My instincts showed me the way, I suppose. At any rate, I took it.

"You have promised to trust me," I began.

He admitted that he had promised.

"I must ask you, for your own sake, Eustace, to trust me for a little while longer. I will satisfy you, if you will only give me time."

His face darkened. "How much longer must I wait?" he asked.

I saw that the time had come for trying some stronger form of persuasion than words.

"Kiss me," I said, "before I tell you!"

He hesitated (so like a husband!). And I persisted (so like a wife!). There was no choice for him but to yield. Having given me my kiss (not overgraciously), he insisted once more on knowing how much longer I wanted him to wait.

"I want you to wait," I answered, "until our child is born."

He started. My condition took him by surprise. I gently pressed his hand and gave him a look. He returned the look (warmly enough, this time, to satisfy me). "Say you consent," I whispered.

He consented.

So I put off the day of reckoning once more. So I gained time to consult again with Benjamin and Mr. Playmore.

While Eustace remained with me in the room, I was composed and capable of talking to him. But when he left me, after a time, to think over what had passed between us, and to remember how kindly he had given way to me, my heart turned pityingly to those other wives (better women, some of them, than I am) whose husbands, under similar circumstances, would have spoken hard words to them, would perhaps even have acted more cruelly still. The contrast thus suggested between their fate and mine quite overcame me. What had I done to deserve my happiness? What had *they* done, poor souls, to deserve their misery? My nerves were overwrought, I dare say, after reading the dreadful confession of Eustace's first wife. I burst out crying, and I was all the better for it afterward!

CHAPTER XLIX.

PAST AND FUTURE.

I write from memory, unassisted by notes or diaries, and I have no distinct recollection of the length of our residence abroad. It certainly extended over a period of some months. Long after Eustace was strong enough to take the journey to London the doctors persisted in keeping him in Paris. He had shown symptoms of weakness in one of his lungs, and his medical advisers, seeing that he prospered in the dry atmosphere of France, warned him to be careful of breathing too soon the moist air of his own country.

Thus it happened that we were still in Paris when I received my next news from Gleninch.

This time no letters passed on either side. To my surprise and delight, Benjamin quietly made his appearance one morning in our pretty French drawing-room. He was so preternaturally smart in his dress, and so incomprehensibly anxious (while my husband was in the way) to make us understand that his reasons for visiting Paris were holiday reasons only, that I at once suspected him of having crossed the Channel in a double character—say, as tourist in search of pleasure, when third persons were present; as embassador from Mr. Playmore, when he and I had the room to ourselves.

Later in the day I contrived that we should be left together, and I soon found that my anticipations had not misled me. Benjamin had set out for Paris, at Mr. Playmore's express request, to consult with me as to the future and to enlighten me as to the past. He presented me with his credentials, in the shape of a little note from the lawyer.

"There are some few points" (Mr. Playmore wrote) "which the recovery of the letter does not seem to clear up. I have done my best, with Mr. Benjamin's assistance, to find the right explanation of these debatable matters, and I have treated the subject, for the sake of brevity, in the form of Questions and Answers. Will you accept me as interpreter, after the mistakes I made when you consulted me in Edinburgh? Events, I admit, have proved that I was entirely wrong in trying to prevent you from returning to Dexter, and partially wrong in suspecting Dexter of being directly, instead of indirectly, answerable for the first Mrs. Eustace's death. I frankly make my confession, and leave you to tell Mr. Benjamin whether you think my new Catechism worthy of examination or not."

I thought his "new Catechism" (as he called it) decidedly worthy of examination. If you don't agree with this view, and if you are dying to be done with me and my narrative, pass on to the next chapter by all means!

Benjamin produced the Questions and Answers, and read them to me, at my request, in these terms:

"Questions suggested by the letter discovered at Gleninch. First Group: Questions relating to the Diary. First Question: In obtaining access to Mr. Macallan's private journal, was Miserrimus Dexter guided by any previous knowledge of its contents?

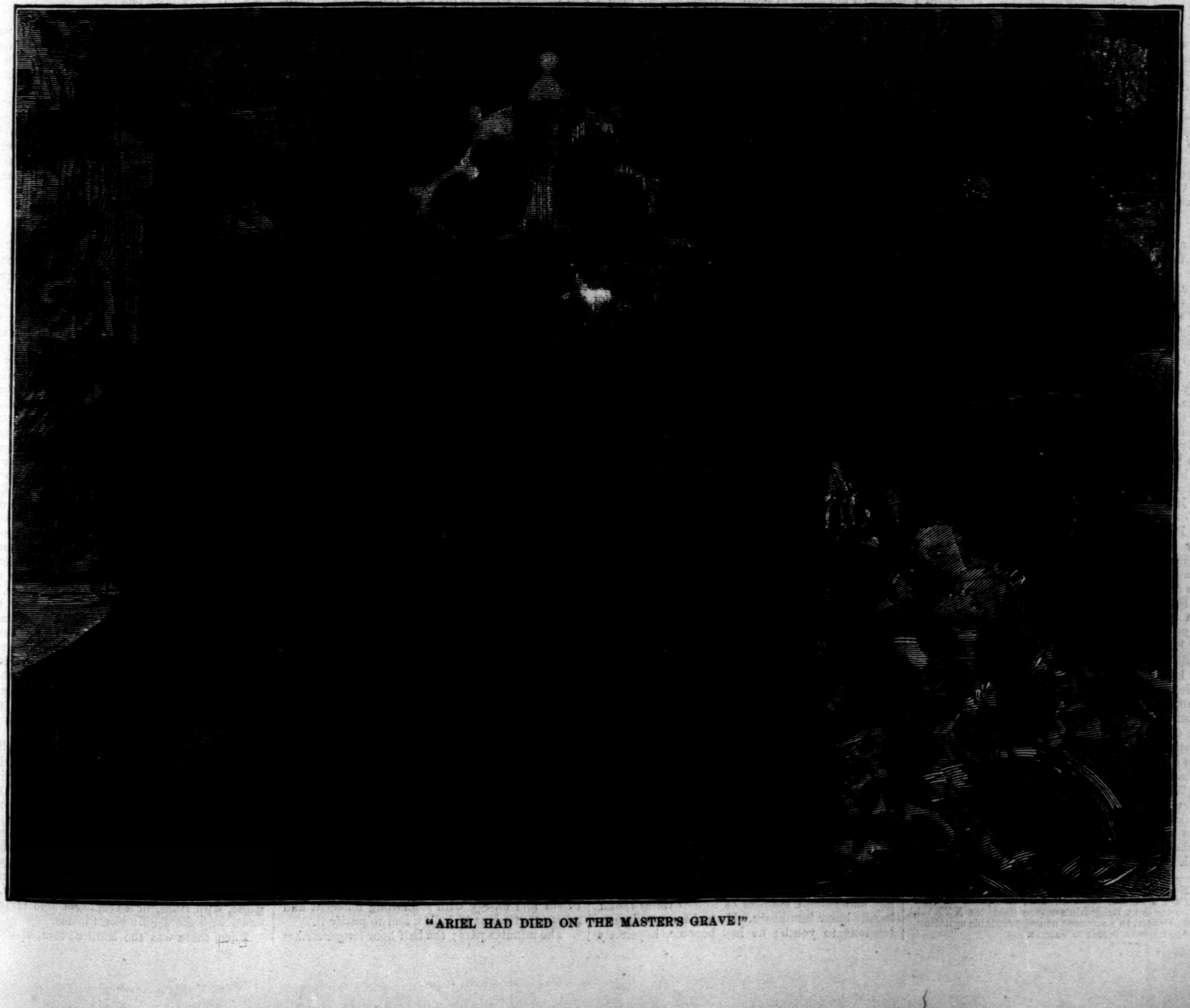
"Answer: It is doubtful if he had any such knowledge. The probabilities are that he noticed how carefully Mr. Macallan secured his Diary from observation, that he inferred therefrom the existence of dangerous domestic secrets in the locked-up pages, and that he speculated on using these secrets for his own purpose when he caused the false keys to be made.

"Second Question: To what motive are we to attribute Miserrimus Dexter's interference with the sheriff's officers on the day when they seized Mr. Macallan's Diary, along with his other papers?

"Answer: In replying to this question we must first do justice to Dexter himself. Infamously as we now know him to have acted, the man was not a downright fiend. That he secretly hated Mr. Macallan as his successful rival in the affections of the woman whom he loved, and that he did all he could to induce the unhappy lady to desert her husband, are, in this case, facts not to be denied. On the other hand, it is fairly to be doubted whether he was additionally capable of permitting the friend who trusted him to be tried for murder, through his fault, without making an effort to save the innocent man. It had naturally never occurred to Mr. Macallan (being guiltless of his wife's death) to destroy his Diary and his letters in the fear that they might be used against him. Until the prompt and secret action of the Fiscal took him by surprise, the idea of his being charged with the murder of his wife was an idea which we know, from his own statement, had never even entered his mind. But Dexter must have looked at the matter from another point of view. In his last wandering words (spoken when his mind broke down) he refers to the Diary in these terms, 'The Diary will hang him; I won't have him hanged.' If he could have found his opportunity of getting at it in time, or if the sheriff's officers had not been too quick for him, there can be no reasonable doubt that Dexter would have himself destroyed the Diary, foreseeing the consequences of its production in court. So strongly does he appear to have felt these considerations that he even resisted the officers in the execution of their duty. His agitation when he sent for Mr. Playmore to interfere was witnessed by that gentleman, and (it may not be amiss to add) was genuine agitation beyond dispute.

"Questions of the Second Group: relating to the Wife's Confession. First Question: What prevented Dexter from destroying the letter when he first discovered it under the dead woman's pillow?

"Answer: The same motives which led him to resist the seizure of the Diary, and to give his evidence in the prisoner's favor at the Trial, induced him to preserve the letter until the verdict was known. Looking back once more at his last words (as taken down by Mr. Benjamin), we may infer that if the verdict had been Guilty, he would not have hesitated to save the innocent husband by producing the wife's confession. There are degrees in all wickedness. Dexter was wicked enough to suppress the letter, which wounded his vanity by revealing him as an object for loathing and contempt, but he was not wicked enough deliberately to let an innocent man perish on the scaffold. He was capable of exposing the rival whom he hated to the infamy and torture of a public accusation of murder; but, in the event of an adverse verdict, he shrank



"ARIEL HAD DIED ON THE MASTER'S GRAVE!"

before the direr cruelty of letting him be hanged. Reflect, in this connection, on what he must have suffered, villain as he was, when he first read the wife's confession. He had calculated on undermining her affection for her husband—and whither had his calculations led him? He had driven the woman whom he loved to the last dreadful refuge of death by suicide! Give these considerations their due weight, and you will understand that some little redeeming virtue might show itself as the result even of *this* man's remorse.

"Second Question: What motive influenced Miserrimus Dexter's conduct when Mrs. (Valeria) Macallan informed him that she proposed reopening the inquiry into the poisoning at Gleninch?

"Answer: In all probability Dexter's guilty fears suggested to him that he might have been watched on the morning when he secretly entered the chamber in which the first Mrs. Eustace lay dead. Feeling no scruples himself to restrain him from listening at doors and looking through key-holes, he would be all the more ready to suspect other people of the same practices. With this dread in him, it would naturally occur to his mind that Mrs. Valeria might meet with the person who had watched him, and might hear all that the person had discovered, unless he led her astray at the outset of her investigations. Her own jealous suspicions of Mrs. Beauly offered him the chance of easily doing this. And he was all the readier to profit by the chance, being himself animated by the most hostile feeling toward that lady. He knew her as the enemy who destroyed the domestic peace of the mistress of the house: he loved the mistress of the house, and he hated her enemy accordingly. The preservation of his guilty secret, and the persecution of Mrs. Beauly: there you have the greater and the lesser motive of his conduct in his relations with Mrs. Eustace the second!"*

Benjamin laid down his notes, and took off his spectacles.

"We have not thought it necessary to go farther than this," he said. "Is there any point you can think of that is still left unexplained?"

I reflected. There was no point of any importance left unexplained that I could remember. But there was one little matter (suggested by the recent allusions to Mrs. Beauly) which I wished (if possible) to have thoroughly cleared up.

"Have you and Mr. Playmore ever spoken together on the subject of my husband's former attachment to Mrs. Beauly?" I asked. "Has Mr. Playmore ever told you why Eustace did not marry her after the Trial?"

"I put that question to Mr. Playmore myself," said Benjamin. "He answered it easily enough. Being your husband's confidential friend and adviser, he was consulted when Mr. Eustace wrote to Mrs. Beauly, after the Trial; and he repeated the substance of the letter, at my request. Would you like to hear what I remember of it, in my turn?"

I owned that I should like to hear it. What Benjamin thereupon told me exactly coincided with what Miserrimus Dexter had told me—as related in the thirtieth chapter of my narrative. Mrs. Beauly had been a witness of the public degradation of my husband. That was enough in itself to prevent him from marrying her. He broke off with *her*, for the same reason which had led him to separate himself from *me*. Existence with a woman who knew that he had been tried for his life as a murderer was an existence which he had not resolution enough to face. The two accounts agreed in every particular. At last my jealous curiosity was pacified, and Benjamin was free to dismiss the past from further consideration, and to approach the more critical and more interesting topic of the future.

His first inquiries related to Eustace. He asked if my husband had any suspicion of the proceedings which had taken place at Gleninch.

I told him what had happened, and how I had contrived to put off the inevitable disclosure for a time.

My old friend's face cleared up as he listened to me.

"This will be good news for Mr. Playmore," he said. "Our excellent friend, the lawyer, is sorely afraid that our discoveries may compromise your position with your husband. On the one hand, he is naturally anxious to spare Mr. Eustace the distress which he must certainly feel if he reads his first wife's confession. On the other hand, it is impossible, in justice (as Mr. Playmore puts it) to the unborn children of your marriage, to suppress a document which vindicates the memory of their father from the aspersion that the Scotch Verdict might otherwise cast on it."

I listened attentively. Benjamin had touched on a trouble which was still secretly preying on my mind.

"How does Mr. Playmore propose to meet the difficulty?" I asked.

"He can only meet it in one way," Benjamin replied. "He proposes to seal up the original manuscript of the letter, and to add to it a plain statement of the circumstances under which it was discovered, supported by your signed attestation and mine, as witnesses to the facts. This done, he must leave it to you to take your husband into your confidence at your own time. It will then be for Mr. Eustace to decide whether he will open the inclosure, or whether he will leave it, with the seal unbroken, as an heirloom to his children, to be made public or not, at their discretion, when they are of an age to think for themselves. Do you consent to this, my dear? or would you prefer that Mr. Playmore should see your husband and act for you in the matter?"

I decided, without hesitation, to take the responsibility on myself. Where the question of guiding Eustace's decision was concerned, I considered my influence to be decidedly superior to the influence of Mr. Playmore. My choice met with Benjamin's full approval. He arranged to write to Edinburgh and relieve the lawyer's anxieties by that day's post.

The one last thing now left to be settled related to our plans for returning to England. The doctors were the authorities on this subject. I promised to consult them about it at their next visit to Eustace.

"Have you any thing more to say to me?" Benjamin inquired, as he opened his writing-case.

I thought of Miserrimus Dexter and Ariel; and I inquired if he had heard any news of them lately. My old friend sighed, and warned me that I had touched on a painful subject.

"The best thing that can happen to that unhappy man is likely to happen," he said. "The one change in him is a change that threatens paralysis. You may hear of his death before you get back to England."

"And Ariel?" I asked.

"Quite unaltered," Benjamin answered. "Perfectly happy so long as she is with 'the Master.' From all I can hear of her, poor soul, she doesn't reckon Dexter among mortal beings. She laughs at the idea of his dying; and she waits patiently in the firm persuasion that he will recognize her again."

Benjamin's news saddened and silenced me. I left him to his letter.

CHAPTER L.

THE LAST OF THE STORY.

IN ten days more we returned to England, accompanied by Benjamin.

Mrs. Macallan's house in London offered us ample accommodation. We gladly availed ourselves of her proposal, when she invited us to stay with her until our child was born, and our plans for the future were arranged.

The sad news from the asylum (for which Benjamin had prepared my mind at Paris) reached me soon after our return to England. Miserrimus Dexter's release from the burden of life had come to him by slow degrees. A few hours before he breathed his last he rallied for a while, and recognized Ariel at his bedside. He feebly pronounced her name, and looked at her and asked for me. They thought of sending for me, but it was too late. Before the messenger could be dispatched he said, with a touch of his old self-importance, "Silence all of you! my brains are weary; I am going to sleep." He closed his eyes in slumber, and never woke again. So for this man too the end came mercifully, without grief or pain! So that strange and many-sided life—with its guilt and its misery, its fitful flashes of poetry and humor, its fantastic gayety, cruelty, and vanity—ran its destined course, and faded out like a dream!

Alas for Ariel! She had lived for the Master—what more could she do, now the Master was gone? She could die for him.

They had mercifully allowed her to attend the funeral of Miserrimus Dexter, in the hope that the ceremony might avail to convince her of his death. The anticipation was not realized; she still persisted in denying that "the Master" had left her. They were obliged to restrain the poor creature by force when the coffin was lowered into the grave, and they could only remove her from the cemetery by the same means when the burial service was over. From that time her life alternated for a few weeks between fits of raving delirium and intervals of lethargic repose. At the annual ball given in the asylum, when the strict superintendence of the patients was in some degree relaxed, the alarm was raised a little before midnight that Ariel was missing. The nurse in charge had left her asleep, and had yielded to the temptation of going down stairs to look at the dancing. When the woman returned to her post, Ariel was gone. The presence of strangers, and the confusion incidental to the festival, offered her facilities for escaping which would not have presented themselves at any other time. That night the search for her proved to be useless. The next morning brought with it the last touching and terrible tidings of her. She had strayed back to the burial-ground; and she had been found toward sunrise, dead of cold and exposure, on Miserrimus Dexter's grave. Faithful to the last, Ariel had followed the Master! Faithful to the last, Ariel had died on the Master's grave!

Having written these sad words, I turn willingly to a less painful theme.

Events had separated me from Major Fitz-David after the date of the dinner party which had witnessed my memorable meeting with Lady Clarinda. From that time I heard little or nothing of the major, and I am ashamed to say I had almost entirely forgotten him, when I was reminded of the modern Don Juan by the amazing appearance of wedding-cards, addressed to me at my mother-in-law's house. The major had settled in life at last. And, more wonderful still, the major had chosen as the lawful ruler of his household and himself—"the future Queen of Song," the round-eyed, overdressed young lady with the strident soprano voice!

We paid our visit of congratulation in due form; and we really did feel for Major Fitz-David.

The ordeal of marriage had so changed my gay and gallant admirer of former times that I hardly knew him again. He had lost all his pretensions to youth; he had become, hopelessly and undisguisedly, an old man. Standing behind the chair on which his imperious young wife sat enthroned, he looked at her submissively between every two words that he addressed to me, as if he waited for her permission to open his lips and speak. Whenever she interrupted him—and she did it over and over again without ceremony—he submitted with a senile docility and admiration at once absurd and shocking to see.

"Isn't she beautiful?" he said to me (in his wife's hearing!). "What a figure, and what a voice! You remember her voice? It's a loss, my dear lady, an irretrievable loss, to the operatic stage. Do you know, when I think what that great creature might have done, I sometimes ask myself if I really had any right to marry her. I feel, upon my honor I feel, as if I had committed a fraud on the public!"

As for the favored object of this quaint mixture of admiration and regret, she was pleased to receive me graciously as an old friend. While Eustace was talking to the major, the bride drew me aside out of their hearing, and explained her motives for marrying, with a candor which was positively shameless.

"You see, we are a large family at home, quite unprovided for," this odious young woman whispered in my ear. "It's all very well to talk about my being a 'Queen of Song,' and the rest of it. Lord bless you! I have been often enough to the opera, and I have learned enough of my music-master, to know what it takes to make a fine singer. I haven't the patience to work at it as those foreign women do—a parcel of brazen-faced Jezebels. I hate them. No! no! between you and me, it was a great deal easier to get the money by marrying the old gentleman. Here I am, provided for—and there's all my family provided for too—and nothing to do but to spend the money. I am fond of my family; I'm a good daughter and sister—*I* am! See how I'm dressed; look at the furniture: I haven't played my cards badly, have I? It's a great advantage to marry an old man—you can twist him round your little finger. Happy? Oh yes! I'm quite happy; and I hope you are too. Where are you living now? I shall call soon, and have a long gossip with you. I always had a sort of liking for you, and (now I'm as good as you are) I want to be friends."

I made a short and civil reply to this, determining inwardly that when she did visit me, she should get no farther than the house door. I don't scruple to say that I was thoroughly disgusted with her. When a woman sells herself to a man, that vile bargain is none the less infamous (to my mind) because it happens to be made under the sanction of the Church and the Law.

As I sit at the desk thinking, the picture of the major and his wife vanishes from my memory—and the last scène in my story comes slowly into view.

The place is my bedroom. The persons (both, if you will be pleased to excuse them, in bed) are myself and my son. He is already three weeks old; and he is now lying fast asleep by his mother's side. My good uncle Starkweather is coming to London to baptize him. Mrs. Macallan will be his godmother; and his godfathers will be Benjamin and Mr. Playmore. I wonder whether my christening will pass off more merrily than my wedding?

The doctor has just left the house, in some little perplexity about me. He has found me reclining, as usual (latterly), in my arm-chair; but on this particular day he has detected symptoms of exhaustion, which he finds quite unaccountable under the circumstances, and which warn him to exert his authority by sending me back to my bed.

The truth is that I have not taken the doctor into my confidence. There are two causes for those signs of exhaustion which have surprised my medical attendant, and the names of them are Anxiety and Suspense.

On this day I have at last summoned courage enough to perform the promise which I made to my husband in Paris. He is informed by this time how his wife's confession was discovered. He knows (on Mr. Playmore's authority) that the letter may be made the means, if he so wills it, of publicly vindicating his innocence in a Court of Law. And, last and most important of all, he is now aware that the Confession itself has been kept a sealed secret from him, out of compassionate regard for his own peace of mind, as well as for the memory of the unhappy woman who was once his wife.

These necessary disclosures I have communicated to my husband, not by word of mouth—when the time came I shrank from speaking to him personally of his first wife—but by a written statement of the circumstances, taken mainly out of my letters received in Paris from Benjamin and Mr. Playmore. He has now had ample time to read all that I have written to him, and to reflect on it in the retirement of his own study. I am waiting with the fatal letter in my hand—and my mother-in-law is waiting in the next room to me—to hear from his own lips whether he decides to break the seal or not.

The minutes pass, and still we fail to hear his footstep on the stairs. My doubts as to which way his decision may turn affect me more and more uneasily the longer I wait. The very possession of the letter, in the present excited state of my nerves, oppresses and revolts me. I shrink from touching it or looking at it. I move it about restlessly from place to place on the bed, and still I can not keep it out of my mind. At last an odd fancy strikes me. I lift up one of the baby's hands, and put the letter under it, and so associate that dreadful record of sin and misery with something innocent and pretty that seems to hallow and to purify it.

The minutes pass; the half hour longer strikes from the clock on the chimney-piece, and at last I hear him! He knocks softly, and opens the door.

He is deadly pale: I fancy I can detect traces of tears on his cheeks. But no outward signs of agitation escape him as he takes his seat by my side. I can see that he has waited until he could control himself, for my sake.

He takes my hand, and kisses me tenderly.

"Valeria!" he says. "Let me once more ask you to forgive what I said, and did, in the by-gone time. If I understand nothing else, my love, I understand this: the proof of my innocence has been found, and I owe it entirely to the courage and the devotion of my wife!"

I wait a little, to enjoy the full luxury of hearing him say those words, to revel in the love and the gratitude that moisten his dear eyes as they look at me. Then I rouse my resolution, and put the momentous question on which our future depends.

"Do you wish to see the letter, Eustace?"

Instead of answering directly, he questions me in his turn.

"Have you got the letter here?"

"Yes."

"Sealed up?"

"Sealed up."

He waits a little, considering what he is going to say next, before he says it.

"Let me be sure that I know exactly what it is I have to decide," he proceeds. "Suppose I insist on reading the letter—"

There I interrupt him. I know it is my duty to restrain myself. But I can not do my duty.

"My darling, don't talk of reading the letter. Pray, pray spare yourself—"

He holds up his hand for silence.

"I am not thinking of myself," he says. "I am thinking of my dead wife. If I give up the public vindication of my innocence, in my own lifetime—if I leave the seal of the letter unbroken—do you say, as Mr. Playmore says, that I shall be acting mercifully and tenderly toward the memory of my wife?"

"Oh, Eustace, there can not be the shadow of a doubt of it!"

"Shall I be making some little atonement for any pain that I may have thoughtlessly caused her to suffer in her lifetime?"

"Yes! yes!"

"And, Valeria—shall I please You?"

"My darling, you will enchant me!"

"Where is the letter?"

"In your son's hand, Eustace."

He goes round to the other side of the bed, and lifts the baby's little pink hand to his lips. For a while he waits so, in sad and secret communion with himself. I see his mother softly open the door, and watch him as I am watching him. In a moment more our suspense is at an end. With a heavy sigh, he lays the child's hand back again on the sealed letter; and, by that one little action, says (as if in words) to his son: "I leave it to You!"

And so it ended! Not as I thought it would end; not perhaps as you thought it would end. What do we know of our own lives? What do we know of the fulfillment of our dearest wishes? God knows—and that is best.

Must I shut up the paper? Yes. There is nothing more for you to read, or for me to say.

Except this—as a postscript. Don't bear hardly, good people, on the follies and the errors of my husband's life. Abuse *me* as much as you please. But pray think kindly of Eustace, for my sake.

THE END.

A COLOSSAL ENTERPRISE.

TEN years ago there was still standing on the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, where the stately *Herald* building now overlooks the busiest thoroughfare in the New World, a large, rambling structure, of rather shabby external appearance, which was known to all the world of America as a veritable Palace of Wonders. Pictures of the strange animals from every part of the globe, which were to be seen within, adorned the outer walls, and stimulated the curiosity of the passers-by; the flags of all nations waved from the parapets, and above them proudly floated the Stars and Stripes. From sunrise till late at night throngs of people, of all ages, passed in at its ample doors and wandered through its halls, lingering at every step to wonder and admire. A larger or more wonderful collection of curiosities was never gathered under a single roof; and though many of them were of little intrinsic value, a very large proportion would have been of great worth to any museum. There was something to catch every variety of taste. For the lovers of the marvelous there were monstrosities like the "woolly horse," the "What is it?" and the "Mermaid;" for those who took delight in natural history there was the sea-lion, the learned seal, the Happy Family, the stuffed walrus, and many another interesting specimen of the animal kingdom from the Rocky Mountains, the burning wilds of Africa, the icy regions of the arctic zone, or from the uttermost isles of the ocean. In short, the whole world was laid under tribute to furnish entertainment to the patrons of the American Museum. The sea gave its strangest forms of fish and shell, the forest and the desert their savage denizens, the air its varied shapes of feathered beauty. Relics of Indian times, of our colonial days, and of our great War of Independence attracted those who were interested in American antiquities; suits of battered armor, dinted shields, battle-axes of uncouth and frightful shape, spears, swords, daggers, and other ancient weapons, carried the visitor back to the days when men fought hand to hand, instead of picking each other off, like game, with rifles, or sweeping whole regiments down with the deadly mitrailleuse.

Then there was the lecture-room, or theatre, where Sothern, Barney Williams, and other well-known actors won their first laurels, before audiences that could not often afford to treat themselves to an evening's amusement at the more expensive theatres. The transient attractions of the Museum were constantly varied. There were "living statuary," pantomime, instrumental music, ventriloquism, Punch and Judy, fancy glass-blowing, jugglery, etc., and when this marvelous building, with all its contents, was destroyed by fire, on the 13th of July, 1865, the community sustained a loss that neither time nor money could retrieve. Mr. Barnum, it is true, soon established a new museum higher up on Broadway, where he gathered an admirable collection of curiosities, but it did not compare with the old. "The second Temple was not like the first."

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* NOTE BY THE WRITER OF THE NARRATIVE.—Look back for a further illustration of this point of view to the scene at Benjamin's house (Chapter XXXV.), where Dexter, in a moment of ungovernable agitation, betrays his own secret to Valeria.

These reminiscences of the old American Museum, which is still held in affectionate remembrance by a large portion of the community, are naturally suggested by the announcement of Mr. Barnum's latest and most gigantic enterprise, the "Great Roman Hippodrome," with which he proposes to travel through the States during the coming season. His preparations are on a scale of magnificence unrivaled in the history of traveling exhibitions. All his shows have been merged in a chartered corporation, known as "The P. T. Barnum Universal Exposition Company," with a capital of a million of dollars. Mr. Barnum, who is president of the company, and his manager, Mr. Coup, have spent months in Europe, visiting every important exhibition, and bringing away many choice features and valuable suggestions, and the result is a combination of attractions such as has never been seen in one exhibition since the world began.

The Great Roman Hippodrome will resemble a moving camp. There are 1200 men, women, and children in Mr. Barnum's service, and the stock includes 750 horses and ponies, besides elephants, camels, English stags and stag-hounds, trained ostriches, lions, bears, tigers, and other animals. For the exhibition of the menagerie and the various shows, displays, and performances connected with the enterprise, two enormous tents, each 500 feet in length and 300 in width, have been provided, one of which will be kept in advance, in order that no time may be lost by delay in making ready. The question of transportation by rail—a very serious one—was solved by the construction of 150 cars, twice the usual length, built expressly for this purpose. Among them are a number of "horse-palace" cars, constructed with commodious stalls, in which the horses can lie down and rest while on the journey, and arrive at the place of exhibition quite fresh for the performance. Besides moving the tents, animals, and all other material in these Hippodrome cars, berths will be provided in those devoted to the *personnel* of the company for nearly all the employés. Besides the great exhibition tents, there are cooking and dining tents, and stable tents for the horses and other animals. There is also attached to the company a large corps of blacksmiths and carpenters and builders, some of whom precede the show several days, to make ready for the exhibition by preparing the ground, erecting seats, etc. The dressing-room tents alone will cover more ground than an ordinary circus.

To move such an enormous establishment without hitch or delay requires the employment of clear-headed, practical men at the head of each department. Every thing is so arranged as to move with the smoothness and precision of clock-work. At the appointed hour the canvas will go up, the street procession will move, the performances will commence. When all is over, and the great tent emptied, every thing will be packed up by those detailed for the work, and the caravan, without the loss of a minute, will be on the move toward the next place of exhibition.

The programme of performances will be varied and attractive. Donaldson will make daily balloon ascensions with a car large enough to contain a company of five or six persons, at a cost of about $500 a day for this feature alone. Then there will be the "Roman races" in chariots driven by "Amazons," the "liberty races," in which forty wild horses are turned loose in the arena in exact imitation of the famous carnival races of Rome and Naples; the "standing races," in which the riders stand on bare-back horses; hurdle races for ladies; flat races by English, French, and American jockeys; besides camel, elephant, ostrich, and monkey races. Another feature will be exhibitions of Indian life on the plains, in which the actors will be scores of Indians, with their squaws and pappooses. They will put up a genuine Indian encampment, hunt real buffaloes, give war-dances, pony races, foot races against horses, exhibitions of daring horsemanship, lasso-throwing. A band of Mexican raiders, mounted on their famous mustangs, will make a pretended attack on the Indian camp, and give a mimic but faithful representation of the wild scenes enacted on the Western frontier. The English stag-hunt will be an exact picture of the sport itself, with a company of 150 men and women in full hunting costume, and a large pack of English stag-hounds. There will also be many other interesting and attractive features, the mere mention of which would make a small volume.

Mr. Barnum certainly deserves great credit for an enterprise which is calculated to afford a vast amount of innocent, popular amusement; and although this gigantic venture involves an enormous outlay of money, it will present too many attractions not to be generously sustained. It is Mr. Barnum's intention to visit Europe next autumn with the whole establishment, and astonish the Old World with this wonderful exposition of what can be accomplished by Yankee enterprise.

THE AUTOMATON WHIST-PLAYER.

A WONDERFUL MACHINE—SOMETHING THAT BARNUM OUGHT TO HAVE.

Notwithstanding all the prominent figures around whom cluster the political and religious excitements of the day, London is large and various enough to bestow a good deal of interest upon "Psycho." This individual has been introduced to the public by the famous conjurer Mr. Maskelyne, which a person of levity might take as explaining the masculine gender in which Psyche is made to appear before this community. Maskelyne is the man who confronts the spiritualists in the same way that the soothsayers confronted Moses; all that they do he does, or even tops them. But with his automaton whist-player "Psycho" he has fairly staggered spiritual and unspiritual alike, and the London *Times* has felt compelled to describe the exhibition, and declare that all the puzzles ever put forth by Robert Houdin and others have been eclipsed by this mysterious figure. Those who have read Edgar A. Poe's essay on Maelzel's chess-player, which a hundred years ago so engaged the attention of scientific men, may imagine that they have a clew that would lead them to the secret of "Psycho." But the presence of any human individual in this automaton, or near enough to affect it mechanically, is quite out of the question. No one over twelve inches high could be possibly concealed about it, and even so diminutive a creature as that could not fail to be discovered amidst the mechanism, whose inspection, while the automaton is at work, is freely open to any one who chooses to come on the stage—a privilege of which spectators have no hesitation in availing themselves. It is the verdict of the public, and so stated by the London *Times*, that not only is the presence of any human being in the machine impossible, but that it is also perfectly isolated. It is seated in the middle of the stage, amidst a number of persons beyond suspicion of being confederates, who are permitted to walk around it and examine it at every point. It is certain that no telegraphic wire connects the figure with any thing; and to set aside the possibility of a connection of that kind through the floor, the figure is isolated by being set on a hollow cylinder of perfectly clear glass two feet high. This glass tube, open at both ends, is handed around to be handled by the spectators, who may test its transparency, its singleness; and after the figure is set on top of it—so raised several feet above the floor—any one is allowed to crouch beneath and observe, while the figure is performing, that nothing, however small, passes from the floor to the figure. As to all the points mentioned there is complete certainty. And now as to the motions and performances of this little figure. The spectators are invited to propose numbers, which are called out from the audience. One man calls out twenty-one, another fifty-three. Mr. Maskelyne invites any one who thinks either may have been called out by a confederate to change them. Various amendments are proposed, and finally the numbers proceed from well-known persons, as eighteen and forty-seven. Mr. Maskelyne, standing several yards from the figure, calls upon it to bring out those numbers, and they appear on a little glass before it; then he calls on Psycho to multiply them together, and the 846, or whatever result the announced multiples may require, invariably appears. Persons from the audience then draw cards from a pack held in Maskelyne's hand; Psycho is questioned about them, and tells what each card so retained in any part of the room is. And then finally comes the game of whist. The audience selects three players, Psycho being the fourth. The deal is cut for. Psycho's cards are placed in thirteen receptacles around him, the backs of the cards being toward Mr. Maskelyne. I have just had the honor of playing against him, and though our side won, I am bound to say that it was because Psycho had a miserable hand, and his partner not much better. Winning, however, is not of the slightest importance in considering the automaton. Psycho played with perfect accuracy, and never failed to show a proper judgment as to the probabilities implied by each cast of a card on our table, which was four or five yards from him.

I examined the machinery in the little box on which Psycho sits, by aid of a little lamp, applied so as to cast light through and through the clock-like wheels; I watched the glass cylinder, as the game proceeded, far more than my own cards, to be certain that no wire shot up through it or down. When Psycho's turn came, the machine broke silence, and by apparently self-originated motion the arm moved round until the hand came just above the right card; on that card it descended, closed on it with forefinger and thumb, and raised it above his head so that all might see it.

It being certain that self-originated motion and the combinations necessary to correct whist-playing must be the result of human intelligence, and that intelligence being certainly not in or directly connected with the automaton, the only question that requires to be solved is, How is the machine connected with its director, seated behind the curtain? In this case one must dismiss the mere incidental marvels, such as the old trick of naming the cards which a spectator has drawn from a marked and manipulated pack. Also, there is no difficulty in a player behind the scenes knowing the cards he has to follow, since Mr. Maskelyne announces them as they are played; and even if this were stopped, he could wrap up the information in his running fire of jokes; nay, he might naturally plead that Psycho, like any other man, required that much information.

The idea, then, that Psycho is an automaton at all, except on the Huxleyan hypothesis that man is a conscious automaton, must be dismissed. It would be easy, without question, to interfere with the performance for a time by turning the figure with its back to the audience, and so turning the faces of the cards away from the stage curtain. But thereby that only would be rendered certain which is already certain—that the whist play is not automatic, the alternative being that suggested by Maskelyne, that the spirit of Katie King, in a highly immaterial condition, is at work in the glass cylinder. The problem is solely that already mentioned. What is the method of connection between a small puppet acting intelligently, isolated from floor, and from all surroundings, so far as scores of the most careful observers can ascertain? The puzzle has increased in mystery since Psycho was recently removed from his ordinary environment and taken all the way to Sandringham, where his wonderful performances were conducted with uniform success in a drawing-room for the amusement of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their guests.

When I went to see Psycho the second time, it was with a satisfactory assurance that I knew his secret. The great care which Maskelyne had taken to prove the complete isolation, so far as electrical force was concerned, of his automaton, by setting it on a high cylinder of clear glass, seemed to show that he was assuming an ignorance in his auditory to which I felt myself an exception. Glass is a non-conductor only in the same sense that air is, but neither can obstruct the action of one magnet upon another. If I bring an electro-magnet into the neighborhood of a ship's compass, I am not prevented from deflecting the needle from its northward pointing by the fact that the two needles are incased in glass, or that a yard or more of atmosphere is between them. Clearly, then, if a powerful electro-magnet were fixed in the floor beneath Psycho, and connected by wires with an operator behind the scenes, it would command the movements of a corresponding electro-magnet in Psycho's machinery. So I took with me a small pocket-compass. So certain did I feel that this *must* be the solution of the mystery that I even made careful arrangements to apply the test in such a way as not to expose the conjurer's secret. Having ascertained the exact north point of the room, so that I could judge of any alteration that might take place when the magnet was brought close to the machine, I managed to get my card into Maskelyne's hand, asking if he had any objection to my applying a small magnet to the figure *while it was working*, and promising that it should be done secretly. Of course he would not notice my card, or, if he did, he would say there was no time, or he would be glad to see me after the performance, etc., all of which would be confession. But instead of that, the conjurer, without a moment's hesitation, proclaimed from the stage: "A gentleman present wishes to know if I have any objection to his applying a magnet to Psycho while he is working. Not the least. The gentleman will please step to the stage." I did so, and, while the automaton was at work, applied the needle to every part of it. The needle was not agitated at all—did not bend from its northward point in the least, no matter where I placed it. Psycho's triumph was emphasized by his master remarking, "I think it is the second time this gentleman has scrutinized the performances of Psycho;" to which I bowed, and a cheer was given for Psycho.

Since this incident the automaton has been visited by a number of scientific men, among them Mr. Spottiswoode and Professor Clifford. The latter—Professor of Applied Mathematics in University College—enjoys a special reputation for ability to discover conjurers' tricks. He has found out hitherto every important trick by which London jugglers have puzzled their spectators, and although he holds it a matter of honor to expose only those which pretend to be the work of spirits, he often repeats the tricks in drawing-rooms for the amusement of his friends. Professor Clifford once announced to a company of his scientific friends that he had found that mediums moved tables by a certain "slykick force," but he now admits that he can not discover the Psycho force. It is, indeed, agreed on all hands that Maskelyne has brought before this community the most complete and ingenious puzzle with which experts have ever had to deal.

The very physical construction of Psycho is a work of consummate art. The richly turbaned head, shiny chocolate face, and prominent glass eyes present a remarkable semblance of humanity, and there is even an expression of grave and intense thought. Psycho shakes hands solemnly with each player when the game is ended, and the expression on the faces of the spectators is one of complete mystification. It is quite idle for the spiritualists to proceed with their tricks while London conjurers are performing more extraordinary ones in clear light, submitting them to every conceivable test. I have only mentioned one among dozens that defy all efforts at discovering their secret. I have occasionally attended the *séances* of eminent mediums for near twenty years, but all the "phenomena" I have seen in that time put together have not equaled in unaccountableness what may be any day seen past the Sphinxes of Piccadilly for a few shillings.

Incidentally the little turn I had at whist with Psycho on my first visit brought me a droll experience of the habit of the average English mind. When I descended from the stage to resume my seat, having for that purpose to pass fifty or sixty persons, every eye I met said plainly enough, though silently, "Don't think to cheat me: you are a confederate." After I was seated for a little amidst the cold atmosphere of suspicion, I resolved to try what effect a theory would have; so I whispered to two of my neighbors, "May it not be possible that there is a wire, so fine as to be invisible, ascending from Psycho's turban to the ceiling?" This suggestion was absurd (on my second visit I passed my hand over the turban), but it was the first that popped into my head, and it at once thawed the freezing glances of suspicion. It flashed along the lines of seats, and long before it had reached the unreserved had become a clear affirmation that I had observed a telegraph wire connected with Psycho. No doubt the version which circulated in the gallery was that I had detected a wire-worker with battery and mirror before him seated over the stage. The fact, however, that, in the performance we had witnessed, a confederate could not have been of the slightest importance, that he could only have disclosed what cards he held, which it was of no importance to know until they were played—and then Maskelyne proclaimed them—did not appear to strike a single person who spoke to me. They were sure there was a confederate. The unanimity with which spectators of such tricks try to explain every thing by the "confederate" theory, even when it is totally inapplicable by the very nature of the effect, must often be of great assistance to a juggler. In spirit-rapping circles there is a similar conventionality, and many in the *séance* think that if they have only made sure that the medium has no confederate present, all other matters may be regarded as *bona fide*. The only confederates of Psycho are his human brain behind the scenes, and a mysterious Somewhat—contained probably in a little flat circular pedestal at the bottom of his glass pedestal, which Maskelyne will not allow to be dispensed with—but the nature of that Somewhat I venture, in the name of nonplused London, to submit as a problem to American acumen.

A Yankee.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

One day Nasir-ed-Din ascended the pulpit of the mosque and thus addressed the congregation, "O true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?" "No," responded the congregation. "Well, then," said he, "there is no use in my speaking to you;" and he came down from the pulpit. He went to preach a second time, and asked the congregation, "O true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?" "We know," replied the audience. "Ah, as you know," said he, quitting the pulpit, "why should I take the trouble of telling you?" When next he came to preach, the congregation resolved to try his powers, and when he asked his usual question, replied, "Some of us know, and some of us do not know." "Very well," said he: "let those who know tell those who do not know."

A beggar who swore he had tasted no food for forty-eight hours was taken to a restaurant the other day by a benevolent gentleman and told to eat as much as he wished. He ordered a glass of wine and some olives.

An Irishman who lives with a Grahamite writes to a friend that, if he wants to know what "illigant living" is, he must come to his house, where the breakfast consists of nothing, and the supper of what was left at breakfast.

"Waiter, is this a spring chicken? Most remarkable fowl I ever attempted an assault upon." "Yes, Sir, nice spring chicken; nothing else at this establishment. Don't you see, Sir, it springs every time you try to put a knife into it?" Customer realizes the sad fact; and after half an hour's futile exercise of the knife and fork, calls for a plate of hash.

It may be as well to give the beginner something of a notion of the use he may make of the most ordinary words for the purposes of quibbleism. For instance, in the way of observation: the loss of a hat is always felt; if you don't like sugar, you may lump it; a glazier is a panes-taking man; candles are burned because wick-ed things always come to light; a lady who takes you home from a party is kind in her carriage, and you say "*Nunc est ridendum*" when you step into it; if it happens to be a chariot, she is a charitable person; birds' nests and king-killing are synonymous, because they are high trees on; the greatest fibber is the man most to re-lie on; a dean expecting a bishopric looks for lawn; a suicide kills pigs, and not himself; a butcher is a gross man, but a fig-seller is a grocer; your grandmother and your great-grandmother were your aunt's sisters.

The following words met the eyes of the Home Rulers invited to a recent public meeting at New York: "Cum sober or don't cum a tall."

A hall in which an entertainment was given was approached through a large gate, which, by accident or mishap, had fallen to the ground. The lecturer, on making the discovery, requested the hall-keeper, a wild-looking, thick-headed Paddy, "to hang the gate immediately." The fellow trudged away as if to execute the order, and after some time had elapsed returned, and was asked if he had done the job. "Och, yer honor," said Pat, "I thried a long while to hang the gate, but faith, Sir, he wouldn't hang." "Where have you put it, then?" "I have settled him, yer honor." "Why, what have you done with it?" "Sure, master, I tuk hould on him and threw him into the pond and dhrownded him."

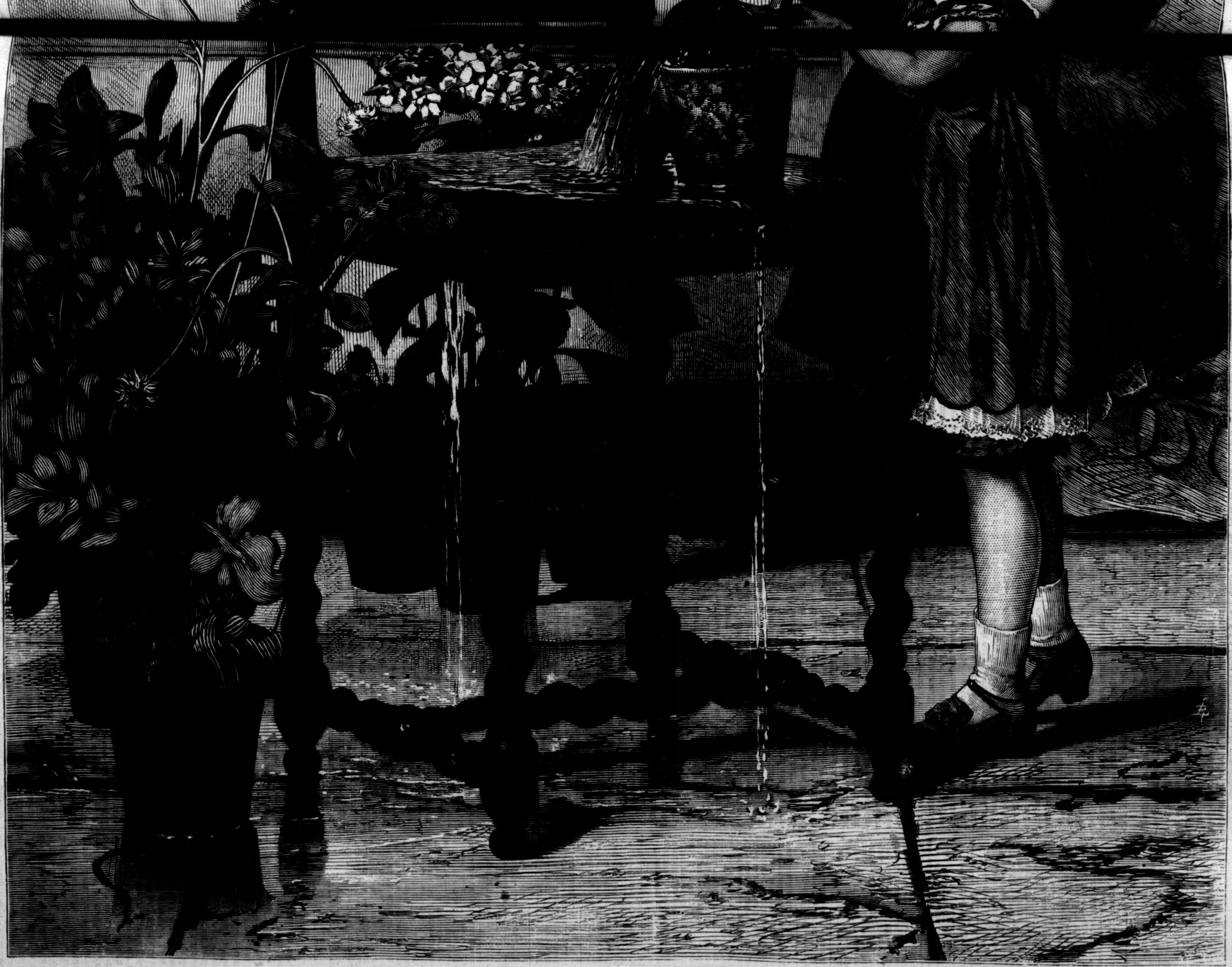
Chicanery—Palming off an old hen as a young chicken.

Among the "rulings" of the United States Post-office Department are some that read queerly enough: "The postal law does not exempt postmasters from working on the public roads." "Ladies' garters, in packages not exceeding twelve ounces, are subject to a postage of two cents for each two ounces." "Packages of human hair, not exceeding twelve ounces in weight, may be sent by mail at the rate of two cents for each two ounces." "A husband has no right under the postal law to control his wife's correspondence." "Honey-bees are not considered proper matter for transportation by mail." "When a lady holding the position of postmaster marries and changes her name, a vacancy is created."

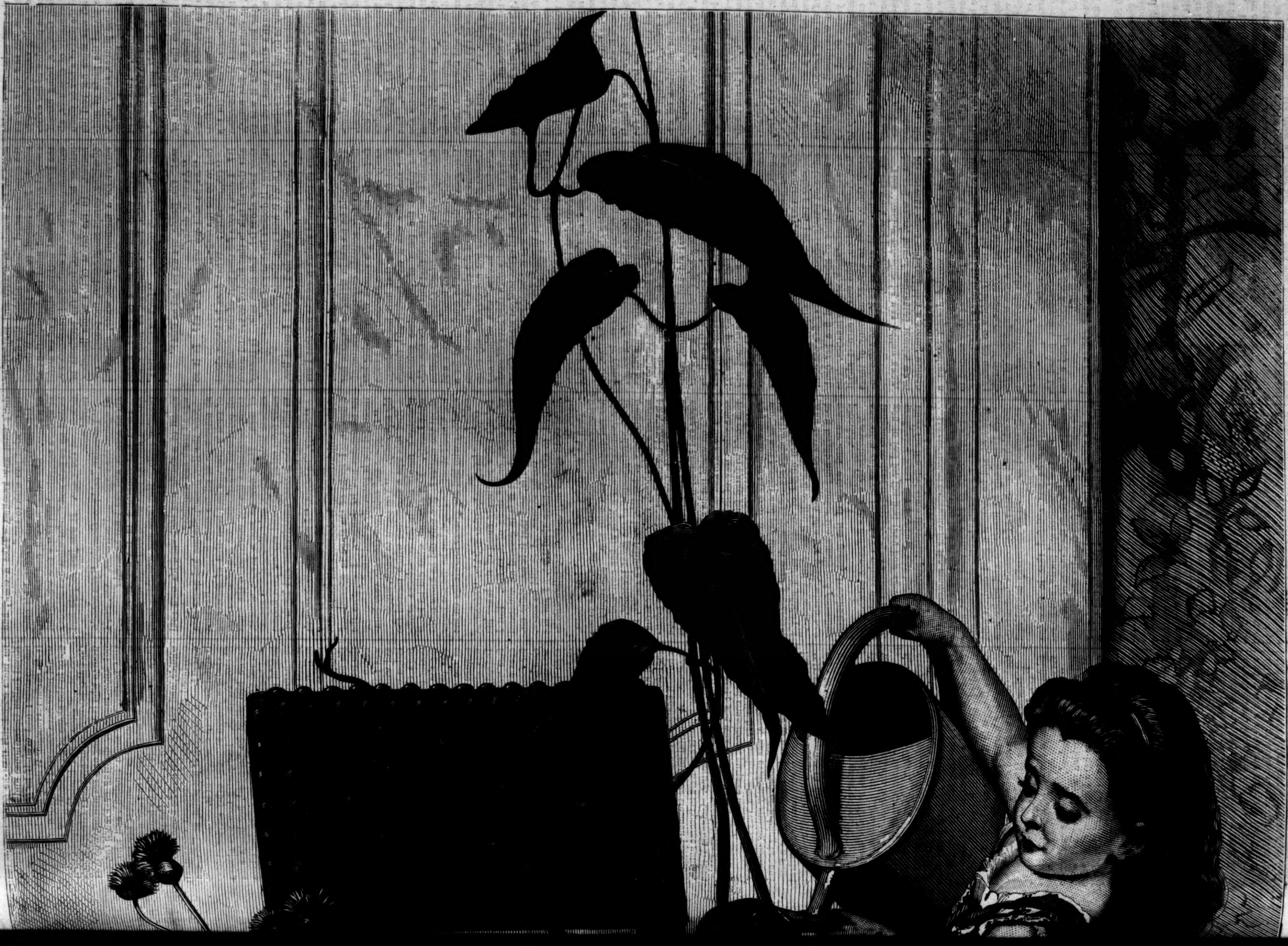
Dental science is called "tooth carpentry as a fine art."

Some of the household recipes given in the papers are calculated to do more harm than good. Mrs. Hopson's servant-girl recently read in the paper that "potatoes should be of uniform size to cook evenly." It was more than two days before she found the meaning of "uniform," and then she went to work on half a bushel of potatoes. As she couldn't make the smallest the size of the largest, she pared down the large ones until they were as small as the smallest, and as the latter was about the size of a walnut, she had a weak lot of potatoes by the time she had made them of uniform size, and a quart measure would have held them all. The potatoes were "short" for dinner that day, and, as an explanation and some very sharp words followed, Mrs. Hopson's servant-girl now cooks potatoes of all sizes in one pot.

We recommend the following toasts to be offered on great occasions: "The army—may it never be so rude as to turn its back upon an enemy!" "The navy—may it never be 'at sea' in the performance of its duty!" "May the face of good-fellowship never be washed by the waters of oblivion!"



THE INUNDATION.—[From the Picture by Jan Verhas.]



THE AWAKENED SOUL.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

Little Georgie Wilson was an actress. She was brought up on the boards, and knew hardly any life but the life of the stage. The unnatural was nature to her; the real existence, outside the illusion of the theatre, she saw only as an illusion—at least as something vague, shadowy, and far off. To make the paradox of her existence still more striking, Georgie, being herself the most girlish and womanly of creatures, almost invariably played the part of a boy or youth in that mock life which was more her real life than the other. She played the parts of midshipmen, pages, pantomime princes, saucy boys, spoiled boys, Little Pickles, precocious young swells, and all that kind of thing. This was in England, some years ago, when the rage for nudity had not yet set in, and girls put on male costume on the stage only for artistic and dramatic purposes—just because the exigencies of the piece required it; and there was no more discredit attaching to the practice than to Charlotte Cushman's Romeo or Helen Faucit's Rosalind. Therefore little Georgie Wilson (in the stage bills she used to be called Miss Georgina Melville, or Belville, or some such fine name), although she hardly ever knew what it was to tread the boards in woman's attire, was yet as good a girl as could easily be found in any sphere or any petticoat. Her father had been an actor of the heavy-tragedy school, who lived all his life waiting for an opportunity to become a great Macbeth, but never made his way to any thing better than Macduff and a couple of pounds a week. Even from Macduff he had been dropping down of late, and had not death interposed, he might perhaps have ended his career as First Murderer, the best o' the cut-throats. Georgina now kept herself and her mother by means of her harmless, unrenowned performances. She was a sort of favorite in the theatre where she played; but this was the old-fashioned time when light farces and pantomimes and such frivolity only wound up, like dessert, the grand and substantial banquet of tragedy, and therefore Georgina's position in the eyes of the public was but a modest and unpretending place. Criticism hardly took her into account at all.

Georgina was very happy. She and her mother lodged in a pretty, pleasant little house on the south side of London. The house had a tiny patch of garden in front, and another scrap behind, each about the size of a table-cloth; and there were not only roses in each garden, but there was a vine creeping up the wall, which positively bore grapes, real grapes, that were succulent and good to eat in the autumn, although the place was so near London that Georgie always walked to her rehearsals when the day was fine. She and her mother had very few friends—hardly any, indeed, outside the bounds of the profession. Georgie had curly black hair and bright eyes and bright teeth, and despite her constant consumption of the midnight oil exhaled by the foot-lights, she was a clear-complexioned, fresh, healthy, happy girl.

Georgina and her mother always went to church on Sundays. They belonged to the Established Church of England—at least they always attended the services of that Church. It is not likely that Georgina ever troubled herself to think about the comparative theological merits of one denomination and the other. But there came to a Dissenting chapel not very far from where Mrs. Wilson lived a young, impassioned, energetic, thrilling preacher, who created quite a stir there, and was, indeed, talked of all over London; and one day, when Mrs. Wilson was unwell and unable to go to church, a young friend of Georgina's took her to the Dissenting house of worship to hear the new pulpit orator.

Georgina did not think it likely she would much care about the preaching, or observe any great difference between one preacher and another. She had heard a sermon every Sunday for years—that is to say, she had sat in the church while a cut-and-dried discourse, barren as a sand-bank, hollow as a drum, was being read out in a tone of sing-song monotony. Therefore, in fact, she never listened, and if she had listened, would have been none the better. But she soon found, to her great surprise, that she was actually listening to the Dissenting preacher; then that she could not choose but listen; that she had to hold her breath sometimes in the very intensity of her emotion; that tears, genuine human tears, were called into her eyes; that her cheeks burned and her heart throbbed; that the eloquence of the preacher swept her along as the rush of a mighty wind might have done. For she was under the spell of that rarest, grandest of magicians, a great, true pulpit orator.

The Rev. Joseph Shelton, the preacher, was a young man with glowing dark eyes, a mobile face full of expression, a magnificent voice, and a wondrous natural gift of graceful, appropriate, and commanding gesture. He seemed terribly in earnest, but mere earnestness never yet made an orator; and this preacher had other and, in an artistic sense, far higher gifts. Whatever the subject of his discourse, Georgina must have listened; but this sermon had a painful, an appalling, fascination for her. It was a denunciation of the stage. Pitilessly, pathetically, passionately, the orator exposed the hollowness, the morbidness, the temptations, the sins, the shameful tendencies, of the stage. Above all, he condemned it as a place for women. He drew a ghastly picture of the actress—his typical actress—as a disgrace to womanhood, a lure and a curse to manhood. While he thus denounced the stage and actors, the preacher proved himself the most magnificent of actors in the high artistic sense. How dull and formal and wooden seemed to Georgina's aroused mind all the wigged and padded Richards and Strangers and Claude Melnottes to whose monotonous and mechanical declamation she had so long been accustomed! What a terrible fascination there was in listening to him and looking up at him! It was as if Eve when driven out of Paradise were, amidst all her shame and horror, to be thrilled by a sense of the wondrous beauty and majesty of the expelling angel who brandished the flaming sword. For, indeed, to poor Georgie Wilson's aroused and startled mind the denunciations of the preacher seemed nothing short of an awful excommunication—an authorized anathema expelling her, the actress, from the precincts of heaven. In the midst of the whole listening, admiring, enrapt congregation, the preacher observed for a moment the one white, affrighted face.

"Well, what did you think of that?" asked her companion, Bessie Burrows, as they came out of the church together. "Isn't he splendid?"

"Oh yes, it was terrible. It quite terrified me! Oh, Bessie, are we so bad as that?"

"As what, dear?"

"As he said we were—all of us? Is it so bad to be on the stage?"

"Oh, nonsense! What does he know about it? I didn't care for that part of the sermon at all: they all talk in that kind of way—and much they know about it! Let them talk. It is easy talking; it doesn't hurt any of us."

"Didn't it hurt you, Bessie?"

"Not a bit. What do I care? I must live, and I am not doing any harm, and all the parsons in the world sha'n't persuade me that I am wicked when I know I am not."

Georgie did not follow up the discussion. There would be no use in trying to explain her feelings to this sensible, easy-going, matter-of-fact girl; and Georgie shrank from having her newly awakened conscience exposed, just as she would from something that hurt her modesty. For she really was a very modest girl, though she played the parts of pantomime princes. Again, I may remark that this was in the old-fashioned days before *Black Crooks* were gotten up merely for the display of female forms; and Georgina Wilson must not be confounded for a moment with one of the class of persons whom George Sala roughly but not very unjustly characterizes as "jigging hussies," who, without any more of artistic capacity than they have of modesty, are the scandal of the modern stage. Georgina's style of art was not high, certainly, but it was art, and had therefore its *raison d'être* and its justification.

She was very silent all that evening, and she thought a great deal, in her own way. She trembled, too, and all the future seemed lurid and fearful.

Next morning about ten o'clock the Rev. Joseph Shelton sat at his desk in his study opening letters as fast as he could, tearing up some, hastily answering others, and putting aside others again for future consideration. Every post now brought him a bundle of letters, which might perhaps be thus classified: fifty per cent. were appeals for spiritual aid and instruction, combined with pecuniary help ("All I ask at your hands," wrote one modest petitioner, "is a little spiritual consolation and some regular employment, which I know you can easily procure"); twenty per cent. were genuine impassioned appeals of sincere struggling souls for guidance and counsel; ten per cent. were vague rhapsodical outbursts, sent because the writer—almost always a woman—chose to think that she had a genius for controversy, and ought to argue with the great preacher; ten per cent. were silly requests for advice on purely temporal affairs; five per cent. were mere letters of abuse; and five per cent. were the effusions of stark, staring lunatics. The Rev. Joseph Shelton, who was in earnest about every thing, tried to answer as many of these letters as he could, and as he kept no amanuensis, his work was prodigious.

This Monday morning he was toiling away, hot and weary, but of undaunted mettle, when his servant came and told him a young woman begged to be allowed to speak to him.

Now the women worried Joseph Shelton a great deal. They came to him about nothing; they took up his time pitilessly; they seemed to think they had a right to him as their property. They could not be roughly bidden to go away; they would not always have gone, even if roughly bidden. They were a sore temptation to Joseph; not, by any means, in the St. Anthony way, but rather the reverse, for they were always tempting him to be very angry.

This time he looked wearily up, passed his hand abstractedly over his forehead, and asked what the young woman wanted.

That was just what the young woman would not tell.

"Oh, well, ask Miss Shelton to see her." Miss Shelton was the preacher's sister, who lived with him, and stood, whenever she could, between him and his persecutors.

Presently Miss Shelton came into the study.

"Joseph, I think you had better see this young woman just for a moment. She begs to see you, and she seems to have some great trouble on her mind."

"Is she a poor girl?"

"Yes, she seems to be; very respectable and modest looking, but decidedly poor."

Mr. Shelton dreaded rich and fashionable women much more than he did poor women. So he made up his mind that he would see this visitor.

In came presently a young girl with a veil over her face. She was neatly dressed, but was unmistakably poor. She had a singularly graceful, gentle presence; and she came into the room in a tremulous, timid way, which was itself a touching appeal. Mr. Shelton was at once prepossessed in her favor. He rose politely, and offered her a chair. Judge of his utter amazement when she fell upon her knees before him and sobbed out,

"Oh, Sir, I heard you preach yesterday morning, and it has made me wretched. Tell me—oh, tell me, can not I be saved?"

"Get up, to begin with," said Shelton, with a sort of kindly roughness, purposely assumed. "I am not a Roman Catholic confessor, and I don't want any kneeling. Take a chair, and tell me what you wish to say."

Georgie Wilson got up and accepted his offer of a chair. She raised her veil, and the preacher at once recognized the pretty face which had looked up so pale and fearful when he yesterday denounced the stage. It was just as pale and fearful now.

"Yesterday," said poor Georgie, "you preached against the stage—and actresses. Oh, Sir, I am an actress, and can I not be saved?"

There was something in the *naïveté* of the question and the tone which well-nigh made the preacher smile. But there was something in it, too, which touched him profoundly. It was the appeal of a simple true soul—and his own soul was all truth and simplicity.

Now the Rev. Joseph Shelton had never seen an actress on or off the stage before. His idea of such a creature had been that of something all paint and brazenness; or else of some lustrous, Lamia-like beauty, merciless to the souls of men. Here now he saw a pretty, modest, earnest little creature, only distinguished apparently from other pretty and modest girls known to him by the greater sensitiveness and depth of her spiritual nature.

"Surely," he began, "I was never rash enough or unjust enough even to hint that there is any calling which necessarily destroys all those who follow it. I spoke of the stage in general—of its tendencies and its dangers. I suppose the theatrical life is generally a bad life."

"I suppose so," said poor Georgie, very humbly and sadly. "You ought to know, Sir."

Now this was a suggestion which pierced the preacher's manly and noble conscience somewhat keenly. For, after all, what did he know about the matter? Not only did he know nothing himself about the stage, but he did not know any body who had any greater knowledge on the subject.

"Well," he replied, rather quickly, "of course I don't know practically much of the inner life of the stage, or any thing of it, in fact. But I am convinced that it is in general an unnatural and unhealthy life, and that it is especially unsuitable for young women. I should be sorry, indeed, to say any more than that. I am not appointed to judge any class of my fellow-Christians."

Then he sat down and entered into a quiet, friendly conversation with Georgina. He made her feel quite at ease with him. She soon told him, wondering not a little at her own boldness in the awful presence of the great preacher, the simple story of her life, her father's career, her mother's widowhood, their poverty, their struggles, and her earnings. Mr. Shelton was greatly interested in her story, and asked her to come again and see his sister, and promised that his sister and himself would go to see Mrs. Wilson.

"You would not be unwilling," he asked, "to leave the stage and take to some better—at least some other way of living—if a suitable occupation could be found for you?"

"I would do any thing, Sir, not to be wicked and not to lose my soul, if only I could keep my mother and myself and pay the rent. I used to like the stage always very much until yesterday. Now I am afraid of it—very much afraid; I never knew how dreadful it was until yesterday." And tears came again into her eyes, which had been brightening under the kindly and consoling manner and words of the great, true-hearted preacher.

Very singular was the difference between the operation going on in the two minds under the influence each of the other. The actress had begun to feel for the first time how very bad her profession was; the preacher was beginning to think for the first time that that profession could not be so very bad after all.

He consigned Georgina for the moment to the care of his sister, who had a nature as simple and sympathetic as his own, and he sat alone in his study for a while, leaving the letters unanswered, and he thought a good deal. Could there then really be innocence and purity in a life which all ministers of all creeds had invariably agreed to regard as essentially baleful and impure?

Anyhow he was satisfied that in Georgina Wilson he saw innocence and purity, and he resolved to rescue her from the dangers of the stage life while she was yet free from its contagion.

His sister and he inquired into the whole story of Georgina's life, and found that she had told it truly. Then he set about finding some employment for her which would enable her to give up the stage. But he found this object almost impossible to realize. Poor as was Georgina's place in the drama, it yet was a distinct place, with a certain popularity attaching to it, and it enabled her to live and to support her mother, who was in bad health. He found that no occupation of the ordinary kind which was open to Georgina would bring her any thing like the sum she could earn on the stage. He was greatly embarrassed, and even distressed. As for Georgina herself, she had been seized with a genuine fervor of desire to get rid of the theatrical life and enter on a new and pure career. Joseph Shelton had never supposed that his denunciation of the drama could have produced such and so sudden an effect on such a mind. At times he almost wished he had been less fervid and fierce, or perhaps that he had examined into the subject a little more practically and thoroughly before he delivered judgment on it. Now, indeed, he had rather to check than to stimulate the ardor of his young convert. He had to bid her be patient, to assure her that she might without peril to her soul consent to play Little Pickle a few weeks or months longer, until some means of living could be found for her. If he could possibly afford it, he would delightedly have paid her a pension equal to her stage salary, and thus enable her to take to a better life; but he could no more afford this than he could buy up the Royal Italian Opera-house and convert it into a reformatory; and even if he were a rich man, it is certain Georgie Wilson and her mother would never have accepted a solution of the difficulty in the shape of an eleemosynary pension.

So Mr. Shelton found himself burdened with the following perplexing problem: Given a young woman who is nothing of a seamstress, who does not know music or drawing or French (or, for that matter, very much English), and who has out of her own earnings to support her mother and herself—by what means can any way of making a decent, respectable living be brought within her reach? He began to think the problem insoluble, and yet it was he, and he alone, who had convinced the girl that her present occupation was at least dangerous, if not sinful, and so made it sinful for her to continue in it.

Georgie Wilson attended every service at Mr. Shelton's church. Her pretty face was always before him when he preached, her bright eyes burned darkly and deeply as he spoke, her whole soul hung upon his words. The theatre became hateful to her; she went through her parts in a mechanical, or rather, indeed, in a ghost-like fashion; she began to grow unpopular with the audiences, and to incur the remonstrances and rebukes of the manager; she shunned her former companions, and was sneered at by them; and the newspaper critics, who had hardly ever taken the trouble to notice her while she was successful, began to say harsh things of her now that she was failing. Life was becoming very cold and sad with this poor little girl, and her only consolation was in attending the services in Mr. Shelton's chapel, and hearing the great Dissenting orator preach. She pined all the week through for the Sunday to come, and when the Sunday was nearly over she shuddered at the prospect of the coming week. Her mother noticed the change in her manner and her appearance, and was alarmed by it, and secretly sighed over it. Indeed, Georgie was greatly, sadly changed. Her face was always pale, her figure grew thin, her eyes were only too bright and restless, her relish for food was gone, her enjoyment of her profession had changed into a detestation of it. There was more in all this than could be explained even by the change her feelings had undergone in regard to the stage. In truth, the poor little pantomime actress had fallen wildly, incurably, hopelessly in love with the Dissenting pulpit orator. Her love was adoration. It consumed her. United with a sense, growing stronger and stronger every day, of her own utter unworthiness, it was eating up her heart. In all this struggle and pain, however, her nature was growing higher, her intelligence and soul were developing. Often a human character is born in pain, like a human creature. A fanciful pathetic German poet said if the lower animals ever were to become human, it would be through suffering. Georgina Wilson had hitherto been only like a happy little robin-redbreast; she was now becoming a woman with heart and conscience, purpose and soul.

Meanwhile her mother grew very sick, grew worse and worse, was evidently sinking down to inevitable death. The need of helping her and earning money to buy her comforts gave a stimulus to Georgie's professional power, and revived her interest in the theatre. She said to herself: "It can not be wrong to do this now for the sake of my mother. If she is taken from me—*when* she is taken from me—I will never again appear on the stage or enter a theatre."

She therefore played so spiritedly and well that a long engagement on much better terms was offered to her, and she refused it.

The Sheltons were unremitting in their attention to poor Mrs. Wilson. Miss Shelton came every day; Mr. Shelton sometimes came, but of course his time was much occupied, and Mrs. Wilson was not even one of his congregation. One day a tall, handsome, lady-like young woman came with Miss Shelton, and was kind and friendly in her manner, showing an almost affectionate interest in Georgina and her mother.

When they were about leaving, Miss Shelton took Georgie aside and asked,

"How do you like Miss Willis?"

"Oh, I like her very much. What a sweet, winning expression she has! I am sure she is very good."

"Yes, she is indeed. I have something to tell you about her which you will be glad to hear. My brother and she have long been attached to each other, and they are to be married in May."

Georgie stammered out something about hoping they would be happy—knowing they would be happy—she could hardly tell what, and she felt as if she would like to die.

Never in her wildest dream had she had the faintest idea that the great preacher could care for her, and yet it was like a death-wound when she thus learned that he loved and was about to be married.

That night, when performing at the theatre, she had to dart across a bridge of planks in some burlesque or other, where she was a mock Rolla, or some such hero, and had to flourish a sword and make a desperate escape. Her mind was all distraught, and when she sprang on the bridge the light swam before her, her eyes grew dizzy, she staggered, and fell down on the stage. She was taken senseless from the ground, and it was feared that, although no bones had been broken, she had yet suffered some severe injuries internally. So she was carried to one of the hospitals, and lay there for weeks. The Sheltons, of course, were kind and attentive to her. The Rev. Joseph Shelton often says that he never found in human creature so much of patience and sweetness and truly religious feeling as in this poor waif of the burlesque.

While she lay helpless her mother died. The news could not even be broken to Georgie for many days. At last she learned the truth, and bore it too with surpassing patience. "I shall see her soon," she said.

"You will soon be strong enough to be removed, Georgie," Miss Shelton said to her one day, "and then you are coming to live with me, for a while at least. I shall want some one to live with me when my brother is married, and I should like no one so well as you."

"When is the marriage to be, Miss Shelton?"

"The day after to-morrow, dear."

"Did your brother say he would come to see me to-day or to-morrow?"

"Yes, he said he would, and I know he will; to-day, I think."

He did come that day, and he sat for a long time at Georgie's bedside and talked with her earnestly. He sat for some time with his hand across his forehead and eyes. What she told him he never told to any one else, but he never forgot it. It was, indeed, the parting revelation of a pure simple heart, which no man could hear without emotion—no good man could hear without a heightened respect, I hope, for human nature, without feeling better and sadder.

When he was leaving, Georgie said, timidly,

"You must forgive me for all this, Mr. Shelton."

"Forgive you, my child! I must ask you to forgive me. I meant to do only good, and I have saddened and marred one life."

"Oh, do not say so! You have redeemed me; you have given me a soul. I always feel so—I do, indeed. My poor mother gave me life: you have given me a soul. I am happy—oh, so happy! Now, good-by."

The great preacher kissed her on the pale forehead—a true brother's kiss of peace and purity and love—and left her, with his heart swelling and his eyes wet. When he bade her good-by he merely meant that he was to see her no more for some time, because after his marriage he was to have his first holiday since his entrance on the ministry, and was to pass some months in the south of Europe. There was nothing apparently in Georgina's condition to lead him to doubt that she would be well and strong again before many weeks.

Miss Shelton had promised Georgina that she would soon come to her after the marriage, and tell her all about it. That morning Georgie seemed rather weak and tremulous, but was otherwise patient and placid as ever. She lay awake from an early hour until noon, without speaking. About noon one of the nurses came near, and Georgie asked what o'clock it was. The nurse told her it was a few minutes after twelve. Then the woman heard her say, "God bless them!" and wondered whether she was not wandering in her mind. But Georgie spake again, and said in calm and cheerful tones that she thought she could sleep now.

So she fell asleep. Miss Shelton came in an hour or two, and was told that Georgie was still sleeping. But she went over to the bedside and bent down, then anxiously touched the face, then started up and called the nurse. Poor Georgie's soul, which the minister had called into conscious being, had now been called into higher being still by a greater Minister.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We chronicled not long since the shipment to New Zealand of a new lot of salmon eggs, for the purpose of continuing the experiments, begun many years ago, with a view of stocking with salmon the waters of the antipodes. We now learn that a similar venture has been made to the Cape of Good Hope, Mr. Campbell Johnson having left for the Cape on the 22d of January, 1875, by the steam-ship *Windsor Castle*, with 1000 eggs of trout and 1000 of salmon, all packed by Mr. Parnaby, a well-known British fish-culturist. The eggs are placed on perforated trays in perforated tin boxes, filled in with moss. The tin boxes are then packed round with moss, and put into a box. This was placed in the ice-house of the ship, which was expected to arrive at the Cape in about twenty days. Mr. Buckland, in noticing this fact, expresses his belief that the trout will unquestionably thrive in South Africa, although he has serious doubts about the salmon.

The German Society of Arctic Exploration has finally concluded to take the necessary steps for a new polar expedition, to sail in June, 1875, if the preparations can be made in time, otherwise in 1876. There will probably be two steamers of about 300 tons burden, with crews of from twenty-five to thirty each, and the proper complement of scientific men. To one vessel will be intrusted the exploration of the deep fiords on the east coast, running into the interior of Greenland; the other steamer is to push northward along the east coast in the direction of the pole, and send out sledge parties from time to time. The expedition will be provisioned for three years.

As there are no vessels fitted for the service in the imperial navy, it is probable they will have to be built or purchased from the merchant marine. The total cost of building is estimated at 150,000 thalers, with as much more for provisioning, stores, and instruments.

If the expedition can start during the present year, it will, of course, serve as a companion to the British expedition, the two possibly becoming auxiliary to each other in North Greenland.

Of the many publications of the Hydrographic Office one of the most original and valuable is No. 54, consisting of the report upon the deep-sea soundings in the North Pacific Ocean on board the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, under Commander George E. Belknap. We have already given an abstract of the discoveries of this excellent explorer, and of his important generalizations in regard to the physical geography of the Pacific, and its availability, as far as currents, depths, etc., are concerned, for the laying of a submarine cable.

In the present volume we have the details of the observations, and a full description of the various forms of apparatus for deep-sea soundings and dredgings, together with an account of the practical working of Sir William Thompson's piano-wire sounder, which was so effective during the cruise. A large number of profiles and maps accompany the volume, which in all respects is one of very great scientific and practical importance.

The nature of the auroral light is the subject of a communication by Lemstrom, who concludes that the white flaming appearances occasionally seen on the summits of mountains in Spitzbergen and in Lapland are of the same nature as the Northern lights. Similar appearances have also been seen in other parts of the world. Electrical currents that develop themselves in the earth when the auroras are present are not induction phenomena caused by the atmospheric auroral currents, at least not in Northern regions.

Dr. Hayden has published the first number of a second Bulletin of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, embracing some valuable papers on natural history and ethnology. Among these we may mention a paper by Professor Cope on the fishes of the tertiary shales of the South Park, those of most interest being two species of the genus *Amia*, or mud-fish, of the Eastern States. Dr. Elliott Coues presents the cranial and dental characters of *Mephitinæ*, or American polecats, and describes a new species of fossil *Mephitis* (*M. frontata*), collected many years ago by Professor Baird, in a bone cave near Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

A paper by W. H. Jackson upon ancient ruins in Southwestern Colorado is illustrated by several figures, and contains reproductions from Mr. Jackson's photographs of the remarkable ancient houses in the cañon of the Rio Mancos, composed of blocks of hewn stone laid up with great care and regularity in mortar, and plastered on the inside, showing an advance in the art of construction much beyond that which was supposed to exist among the inhabitants of North America north of Mexico.

The last paper in the Bulletin is a notice of some fossils from near the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, by Professor Meek. In these there are described five new species of mollusks.

The first annual report of the Zoological Society of Cincinnati, for the year 1874, has just been published, giving an account of the present condition of that important enterprise. From this we learn that, after various efforts to secure a proper site, a suitable locality was obtained in the southwestern corner of Avondale, of 6604 acres, for which a reasonable annual rental is to be paid. About $120,600 have been raised in the form of capital stock, and this, with the regular receipts, will be quite sufficient for carrying on the establishment and furnishing handsome interest on the investment.

We mentioned some time ago the discovery of additional remains of bones of the great auk upon the Funk Islands, off the coast of Newfoundland; and from another source we learn that portions of remains of about fifty individuals were obtained. None of these formed complete skeletons, although there were sets of bones enough to build up several of them. The bones have been exposed to the weather and changes of temperature, and to a considerable extent are in an unsatisfactory condition.

Mr. Hennessy writes from Massorie to Professor Stokes that he has observed in the solar spectrum certain white lines for whose existence he is unable to account. He can not think that these are due either to the instrument or to the latitude of the station. The white lines in question can not be described as absolutely white, yet they closely resemble threads of white frosted silk held in the sunlight. They are best seen about noon.

The distinguished Italian astronomer Schiaparelli has communicated to the Journal of the Italian Spectroscopic Society some studies upon the nature of the repulsive force which contributes to the formation of the tails of comets. The actual existence of this force is established by the accurate observations that have been made. He examines successively the various theories that have been put forth—the electrical theory as proposed by Zöllner, the molecular theory of Zenker, and the theory of Faye that repulsion is exerted by all incandescent surfaces, and that thereby the gaseous matters attending the comets are repelled from the surface of the solid nucleus. The latter does not seem to Schiaparelli to afford any material explanation of the phenomena. The electric theory was first suggested by Olbers, but has been in general terms objected to by Herschel, Lamont, etc. Zöllner's views have been elaborated more minutely, and he has endeavored to show that the free electricity existing upon the surface of the earth is sufficient to produce an effect similar to that found in comets, but his conclusions are in too many respects at variance with actual observations to allow the author to consider them as affording a reasonable explanation as to the nature of comets. Zenker's views are rejected by him for the reason that the evaporation of fluids from the surface of the nucleus should give rise to several phenomena not seen in comets, while, on the other hand, it does not explain the multiple tails which have frequently been observed. In conclusion, Schiaparelli thinks that we are forced to believe that the repulsive force acting upon comets is a force exterior to the comet itself, and since this force evidently operates in the direction of the radius drawn from the comet to the sun, therefore we must regard it as having for its origin the sun or some medium surrounding the sun, and he adds that this is about all we at present know upon the subject.

The great storm that passed over the coast of Germany on the 22d of November, 1873, has been investigated by Prestel, who concludes that it was identical with the storm that left the United States on the 18th day of the same month, which was at the time distinguished as a severe disturbance. In his remarks upon this subject Mr. Prestel possibly goes too far in attempting to show that certain storms recur at certain epochs of the moon, but is nevertheless probably nearly correct in saying that many attempts to trace lunar and other periods in the changes of the weather have as yet had only a negative result because we have considered only observations referring to a single place. It may, in fact, be stated that the currents of the atmosphere never follow precisely the same routes, nor have precisely the same effects, consequently individual places on the earth's surface are at one time within, at another time beyond, their influence, and the weather at one point shows nothing of the periodicity that may possibly regulate the movement of the current itself. Under these circumstances, the observed local readings of the barometer, temperature, rainfall, etc., can not be expected to follow any such laws of periodicity as may possibly be followed by the atmosphere as a whole. The periodicity of atmospheric phenomena can, in fact, only be properly investigated when we combine the geographical details with the element of time. Following this idea, Prestel feels justified in the conclusion that certain storms which have visited the earth have passed over nearly the same paths at their successive apparitions, which latter always occur when the moon returns to about the same position with reference to the earth. As this can only happen every nineteen years, it follows that the storms of 1873 are to some extent a repetition of those of 1854.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH.

Sunday, 28.—Easter-Day.

APRIL.

Sunday, 4.—First Sunday after Easter.
Sunday, 11.—Second Sunday after Easter.
Sunday, 18.—Third Sunday after Easter.
Sunday, 25.—St. Mark, the Evangelist; Fourth Sunday after Easter.

On the 5th of February the Pope issued an Encyclical to the archbishops and bishops of Prussia. It denounces the new ecclesiastical laws, and defies the Prussian government. He pronounces the laws invalid, using this language: "In fulfillment of the duty of this Apostolic See, we do publicly declare by this present Encyclical, TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, AS ALSO TO THE WHOLE CATHOLIC WORLD, THAT THESE LAWS ARE NULL, because they are utterly opposed to the Divine Constitution of the Church. For it is not to the men of the power of this world that the Lord has made subject the bishops of His Church in all that concerns His sacred service, but to Peter, to whom He committed His sheep and lambs (St. John, xxi. 16, 17). Therefore no temporal power, however exalted, has the right to despoil of their episcopal dignity those who have been appointed by the Holy Ghost to govern the Church. (Acts of the Apostles, xx. 28.)" He declares that all ecclesiastical persons who accept the charge of churches from the state will incur the greater excommunication. The appearance of this Encyclical in Germany has been followed by an outburst of indignation. Criminal proceedings have been instituted against the editor of the *Germania* for publishing it. The *Nord Deutsche Zeitung* says that this papal utterance will have a marked influence upon the decisions of the Berlin government. The *Provincial Correspondence* says that the Catholic Church must clearly learn who is the sovereign in Prussia. The Cologne *Gazette* declares that no Roman Catholic with any self-respect can, after this Encyclical, remain in the service of the state without repudiating the Pope's revolutionary politics. Bishop Reinkens has issued a pastoral, which is in part a reply to the Pope. He characterizes the ultramontane doctrine as absurd, and exhorts the Old Catholics to be faithful to the Emperor.

The English revisers of the authorized version of the New Testament have completed their second revision to the end of the 13th chapter of St. John.

The death is announced of the venerable Bishop Richardson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada. He had held the office for many years, and was greatly esteemed for the simplicity and purity of his character. The *Jewish Messenger*, of this city, announces the death of Dr. Zachariah Frankel, the director of the Rabbinical Seminary at Breslau. He is described as "the chief of the great Hebrew teachers who maintained the principles and practices of historical Judaism." The Baptists are greatly mourning the loss by death of the Rev. David Weston, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Madison University. Bishop John W. Roberts, the only colored bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died recently in Monrovia. His jurisdiction was limited to Liberia.

Two laymen, Messrs. Whittle and Bliss, of Chicago, have been holding religious meetings in the city of Louisville with great success. According to report, the largest hall in the city is insufficient to contain the audiences that assemble to hear them. They follow the method of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, that is, Mr. Whittle preaches and Mr. Bliss sings. The pastors of Louisville co-operate cordially with these laymen.

The bills for the increase of the episcopate and for the repression of simony have been read a second time in the British House of Lords. With regard to the first, Lord Lyttleton explained that it was not proposed to ask for any endowments from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, or to bring more bishops into the House of Lords. The other bill contains two important provisions, one permitting parishioners to object to the appointment of an unfit presentee, the other requiring the patron of a living to make a declaration that he has not been guilty of any simoniacal transaction.

Janickzewski, the vicar who has administered the diocese of Posen in place of Ledochowski, was recently released from custody, but has since been expelled from the provinces of Posen, East and West Prussia, and Saxony. He has been conveyed by the state authorities beyond the borders of these districts. Strange to say, while the conflict between Rome and Germany has been raging, the bishops of Austria have been allowed by the Pope to comply with the new laws of that empire. The Austrian bishops regularly notify the government of the appointments made by them to church livings. This inconsistency excites much remark in Europe.

Dr. Leonard Bacon celebrated, on the 9th of March, the fiftieth year of his settlement over the Centre Congregational Church, New Haven. He has been for years the recognized chief of orthodox Congregationalism in the United States. Though old, as years are counted, he has still all the vigor of middle life, and not a little of the vivacity of youth.

During the existence of the Spanish republic not a few Catholic priests embraced Protestantism and married. By a recent decree the Spanish government has declared these marriages null. A petition has been addressed to the representatives of England, the United States, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland at Madrid, by Protestant clergymen, asking their intervention in behalf of the married priests.

The riotous demonstrations which have attended the lectures of Father Chiniquy in Montreal have been somewhat checked by the firmness and courage of his friends. His topics are the doctrinal peculiarities of Romanism, and therefore not unlikely to create excitement in that city. His opposers are French-Canadian Catholics, who, as a class, are not remarkable for intelligence. A meeting of the friends of free speech in Montreal was held a short time since, at which the following resolution was adopted: "That this meeting, composed of loyal subjects of her Majesty Queen Victoria, expresses its regret that the sworn defenders of the peace of this city have, either through weakness or, still worse, unwillingness, failed to protect Mr. Chiniquy from the repeated attacks of a number of rowdies representing the scum of our French-Canadian fellow-citizens, when he, Mr. Chiniquy, was exercising his right of freedom of speech; and it is further resolved that we will hold the authorities responsible for what may occur if we are forced to take the law into our own hands to defend that which is the groundwork of the British Constitution—liberty."

At the delivery of the next lecture the church doors were guarded by the police and many citizens. Upon leaving for his home, Father Chiniquy was accompanied by a procession of able-bodied men estimated at nearly 2000. It is needless to add that in their keeping he was entirely unmolested.

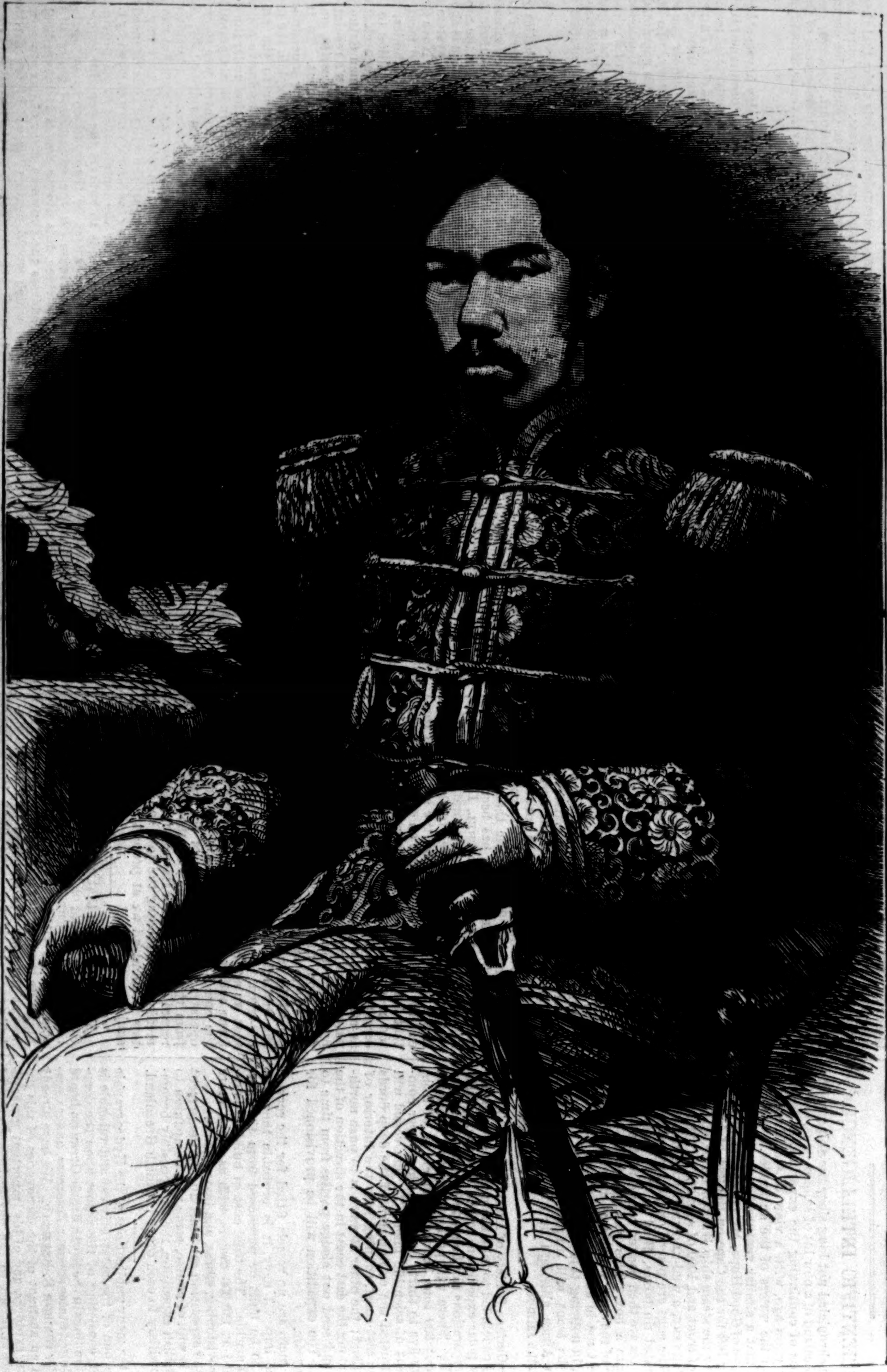
The cable informs us that 18,000 persons assembled in and around Agricultural Hall, Islington, London, to hear and see Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

Archbishop M'Closkey, of New York, has been designated as the first American cardinal. It was expected that his appointment would be formally announced at Rome on Monday, March 14. The other prelates who will, according to report, receive the hat at that time are Monsignor Ledochowski, Archbishop of Posen and Gniesen; Monsignor Deschamps, Archbishop of Mechlin, Belgium; Archbishop Manning, of Westminster; Monsignor Bartolini, Consultor of the Roman Court; and Monsignor Giannelli, Archbishop of Sardia. Prior to these appointments the number in the College of Cardinals stood at forty-nine.

The Free-communion Baptists claim that they are making excellent progress. They announce the recent formation of open-communion organizations in Westport, Missouri, Chicago, and Plainfield, New Jersey. The membership of Dr. Jeffry's church, in Marcy Avenue, Brooklyn, has reached 303.

The Unitarians of this country have entered into closer association with the brethren of their faith in Hungary. They have contributed means for the support of a Channing and also a Priestley professorship in the college and theological seminary at Kolonsvar, which is under the direction of the Hungarian Consistory. To the former, Professor D. Simén has been appointed; to the latter, Mr. D. Péterfy. The Consistory reports that Dr. Hatala, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Buderpest, and a leading Liberal Catholic, has joined the Unitarians. His change of faith has made some sensation in Hungary.

The opposition of the Roman Catholics of New Brunswick to the school law of that Province—an opposition which recently culminated in the Caraquette riot—has led to the offering of a bill in the Dominion Legislature for the modification of the law itself. The situation is about this: New Brunswick has adopted a system of free, undenominational education; in Nova Scotia the school law has been shaped to meet, to some extent, the views of Roman Catholics. In New Brunswick, however, the opposition to the school law has been fruitless; at each election when it has been an issue the Roman Catholics have been defeated. Mr. Costigan's resolution in relation to the law is, as we write, under debate in the Dominion Parliament. To it it was expected that the following amendments would be offered; they help to explain the drift of the discussion: "That prior to the union New Brunswick had sole and exclusive control over its educational system; that under the Union Act, as construed by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, such control was reserved to, and has ever since been retained by, New Brunswick; that New Brunswick has not signified any willingness that the Union Act should be amended in this particular; that any encroachment against the will of New Brunswick, by diminishing the security now enjoyed by each Province for the maintenance of its provincial rights, tends to subvert the constitution; that whatever may be the opinions of members of this House on the educational policy of any Province, this House deems it inexpedient to address the Crown in favor of any amendment which would, against the will of the Province, encroach on the powers reserved to it in respect to education."

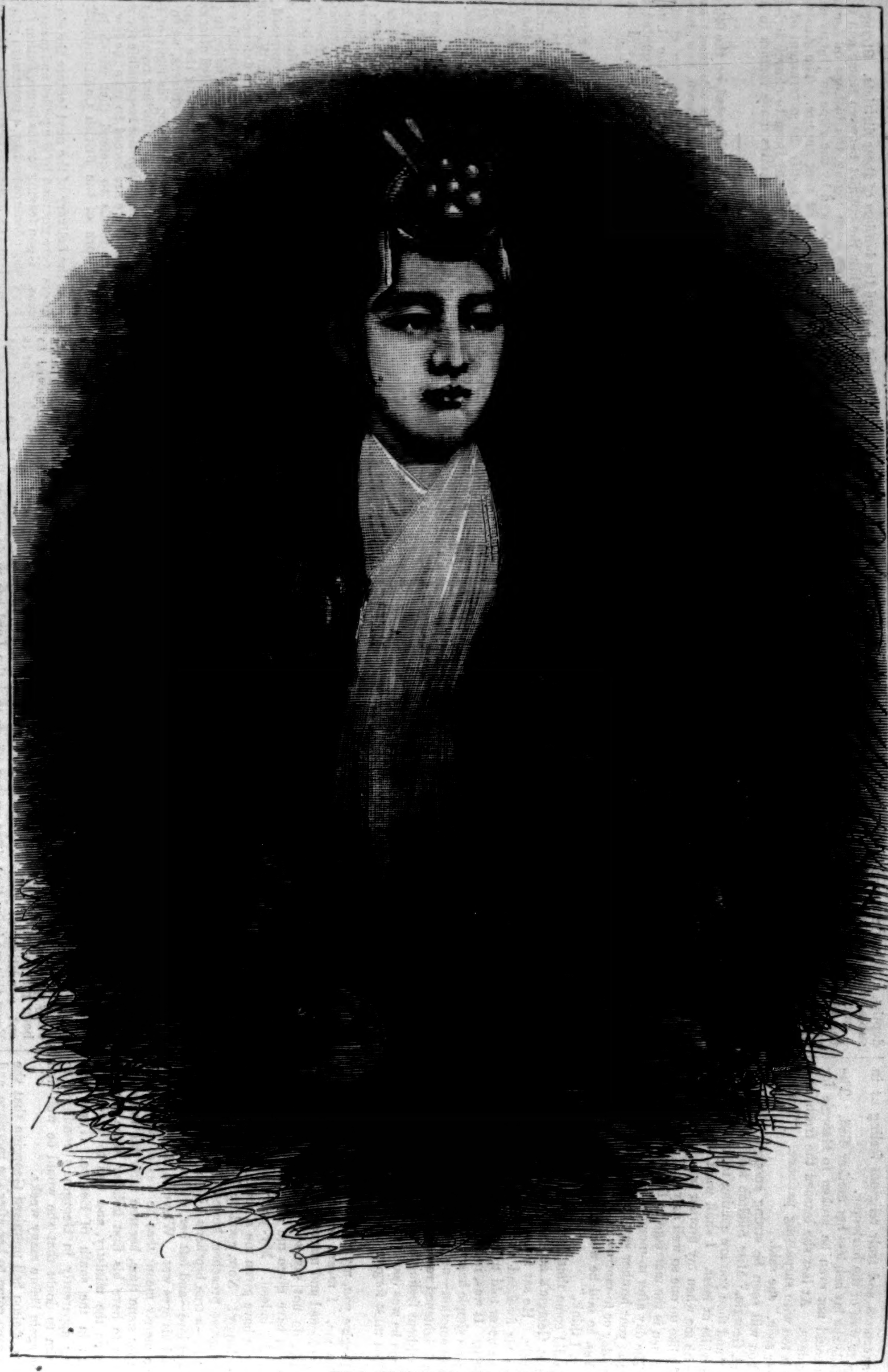


THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

NEW JAPAN.

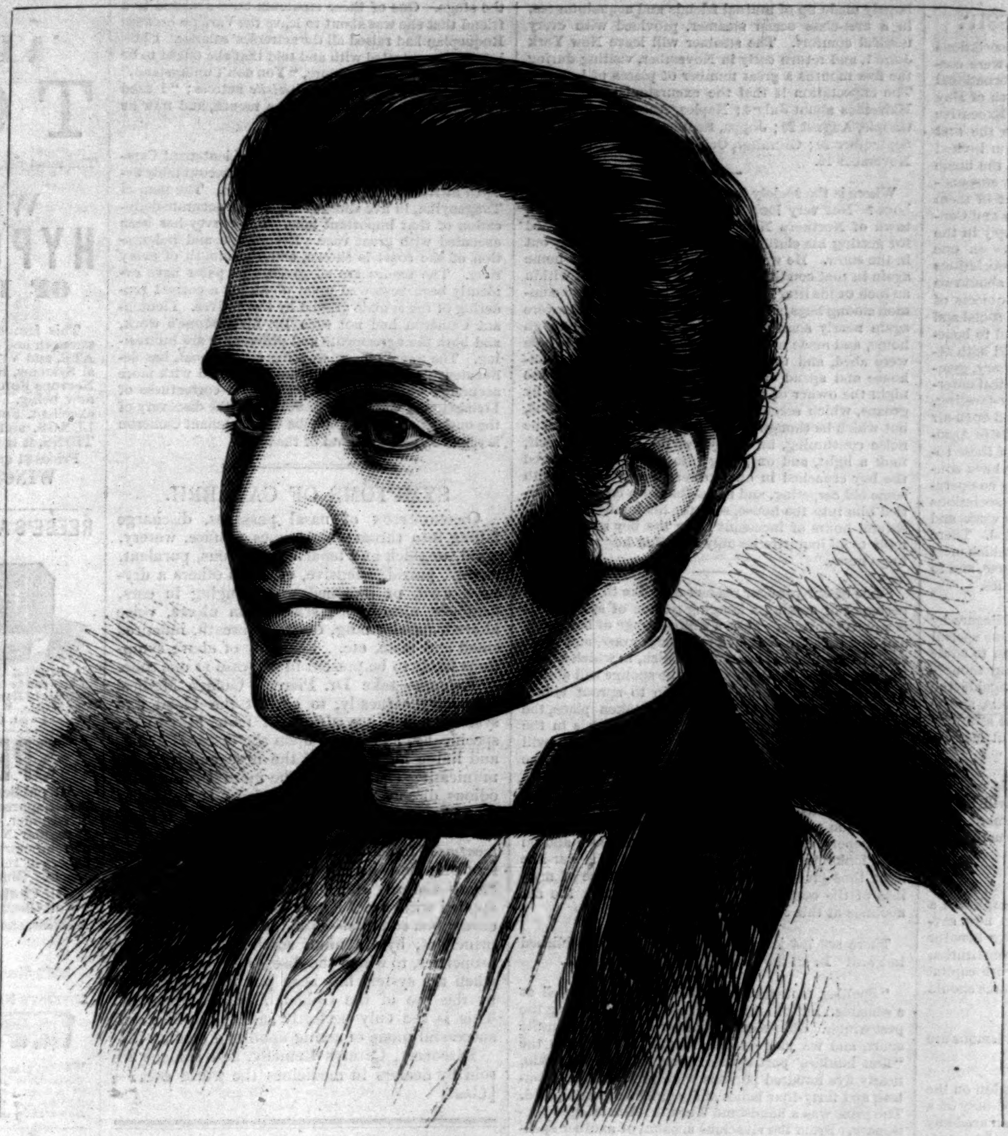
The authors of the Japanese revolution of 1868, whose real object was the destruction of the power of the Siogoon, began by proclaiming their intention to restore the Mikado. The Siogoons, formerly miscalled the Tycoons, were originally the spiritual rulers of Japan, while the Mikados were the civil rulers; but since the twelfth century the former, by a series of usurpations and encroachments, had gradually acquired great power, until they had become masters of the most important parts of the country. The moral prestige of the reigning Mikado was very great, but he had no real power, and was unsupported by an army. It therefore became necessary for the hostile daimios to combine their forces under his supreme authority. The revolution was successfully accomplished, and the Mikado became the sole ruler of Japan. The name of the present Mikado, whose portrait and that of his Empress are given on this page, is Mutsh'to. Under his rule Japan is making rapid advances. The monarch, says the author of *New Japan*, "has thrown aside the imperial purple of seclusion, and with his dynasty has entered the comity of nations; the feudal system and its sanguinary domineering oligarchy have been swept away, and constitutional government on a foreign basis placed in its stead; the hated foreigners, their commerce and religion, are no longer debarred from the body-politic, and many of them are in the employment of the state; the sea and land forces have attained a strength and perfection, after foreign models, that will render the nation stronger in warfare than any other in the far East; where formerly the shores bristled with dangers to navigation, these have been buoyed, and light-houses of the first order warn the mariner of them by night; where twenty years ago the commerce with Europe was restricted to a Dutch trading company of a limited arbitrary character, under humiliating conditions, at one semi-prison factory, the merchants and ships of all friendly nations are allowed free pratique at six treaty ports; where no foreign diplomatist could take up his residence in the country, the representatives of twelve treaty powers have their legations and consulates at the capital and foreign settlements; where the highway of Jeddo was a way of death to the foreigner, he can now ride in a railway carriage in safety, with the whistle of the locomotive awakening up the echoes of the bay; and, finally, he can communicate by electric telegraph from port to port, until it reaches Europe, through the great Eastern submarine cable system, in fifty hours. Thus in one short generation the Japanese have achieved a position in the civilized world that the foremost nations of Europe took centuries to accomplish; and now their national cry in the peaceful path of progress is 'Forward! Onward! New Japan, the Land of the Rising Sun!'"

Another indication of the progressive spirit of the new government is found in its adoption of the European calendar. The following is a synopsis of the decree made by the Mikado Mutsh'to: "In future the calendar shall be assimilated to that generally in use in Europe and America, the first day of the first month falling on the first day of January in each year. The date of the year, however, shall be reckoned from the accession of the first of the Mikados of this empire. The 1st of January, A.D. 1873, will therefore be known as the first day of the year 2333 of Japan."

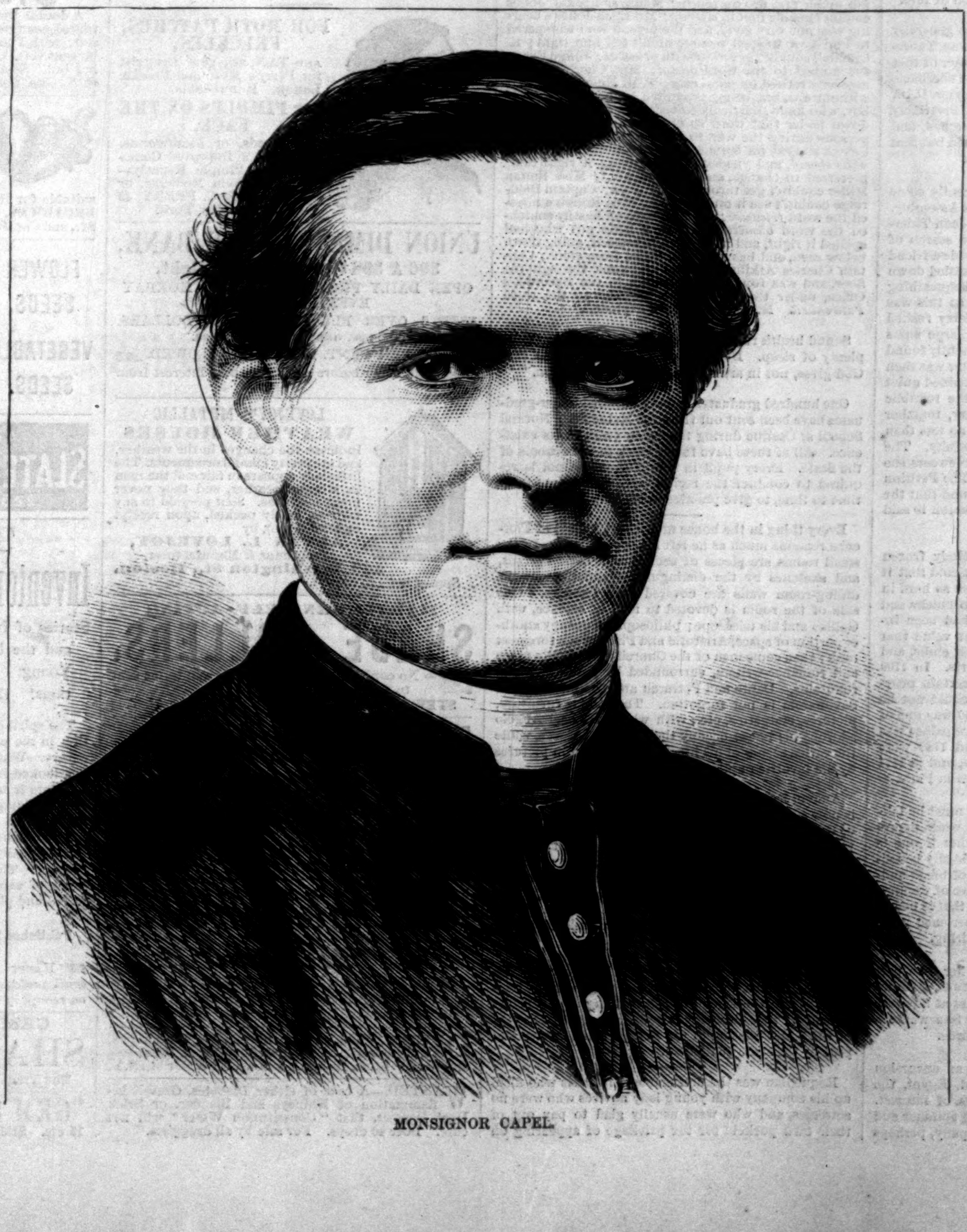


THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

ROMANISM AND RITUALISM.



CANON LIDDON.



MONSIGNOR CAPEL.

Canon Liddon and Monsignor Capel have recently thrown new light upon the nature of ritualism in America and Europe. The resemblance of ritualism to Romanism can have escaped no one. It assumes the same imposing ceremonial, and has even increased its cumbrous details. Its followers sweep with blazing tapers before glittering shrines; they bow, they kneel, they beat their breasts; they will be satisfied with nothing but screens covered with images and altars laden with representations of the objects of their adoration; they grovel before the elevated Host, and kiss the crucifix with passionate devotion; and it has long been suspected that the ritualists were often allied in secret to the extreme advocates of ultramontanism. It has even been asserted in England that some of the English clergy who are most active and zealous in the new movement are secret members of the society of the Jesuits.

The most effective charge brought against the English Church Establishment is that a large part of its clergy are tainted with Romanism, and that its immense revenues and wide political influence are being used to sap in secret the defenses of Protestantism. It is on this ground chiefly that the Dissenters press their demand for disestablishment. If ritualism is a secret form of Romanism, and if it gain the control of the national Church, it will at once hold a ruling influence over the intellect of the people. By the famous twenty-fifth clause of the recent Education Act the English Church has been enabled to fill the country with a great number of schools, maintained at the public expense, in which its peculiar doctrines are taught and its ritual enjoined. It has seized upon the education of the new generation, in fact, and allowed the Dissenters only a small share of the educational fund. And the Dissenters and the Low-Church party now vehemently charge that the national schools have fallen into the hands of a faction that is leading the Church over to Romanism, and that ritualism is only a crude form of the papal creed. This accusation the ritualists as boldly deny. But they have now encountered an assailant from another quarter, who reiterates the charge with unusual means of confirming it. This is Monsignor Capel, the most popular Roman Catholic preacher and teacher in London—an ascetic, whose health has more than once given way under his labors and his austerities; a man of the world, whose pleasing manners have given him a place in cultivated society; a graceful and ready speaker, acute, illogical, fanatical. Yet it is rather as a teacher that Monsignor Capel hopes to convert England. He establishes schools, where the papal infallibility is taught, and, with Dr. Manning, has laid the foundation of a Catholic university. His practical skill in teaching has already produced important results. His scholars are sometimes Protestants, and seldom pass from his hands unaffected in their faith. Although not yet forty years old, the active priest has received high honors from Rome, and has already served as the model of a subtle and brilliant ecclesiastic to the author of *Lothair*. One characteristic achievement of the skillful leader has probably given him a lasting claim upon the gratitude of the Vatican: he is said to have been the means of converting the Marquis of Bute. He is no less successful with the people, and his fluent eloquence is always certain to please his crowded audiences.

Canon Liddon, of St. Paul's, is the eloquent leader of the ritualistic party. He is the advocate of a splendid ritual and imposing ceremonies. Under his auspices the fair white walls of the noble cathedral have nearly been exposed to the desecration of modern decorations and a gaudy imitation of the churches of Genoa and Venice. The process has been suddenly checked by the cry of alarm that has risen upon all sides lest the tasteful labors of Wren should be forever disfigured and debased. But Canon Liddon has also received a more signal check from his Roman Catholic rival, Monsignor Capel. Their controversy has formed a momentary episode in the stir of London life. The Roman priest, who certainly is an excellent judge, stated recently that the ritualists in the English Church "were unintentionally but none the less assuredly" disseminating papal doctrines, and Canon Liddon with some temerity denied the charge. Capel now brought forward his proofs. He showed from their own works that the ritualists teach the real presence, or transubstantiation, the worship of Mary, the invocation of the saints, the necessity of confession and absolution. He points to their prayers to the "Mother of God," to Michael and Gabriel the angels, their beating their breasts three times at confession, their adoration of the sacrament, and worship of the crucifix, and he naturally asks, What is all this but "our doctrines?" To such a charge Canon Liddon has no reply, and the Dissenters will necessarily find all their suspicions of the papal tendencies of the English Church confirmed by the testimony of one whom they would scarcely select as an ally, but of whose capacity to judge there can be no doubt. Monsignor Capel has aimed a subtle shaft at the life of the Establishment. He has shown without contradiction that its ritualistic section, already its most powerful and active part, is in close sympathy with Rome, and that England has intrusted the education of its people to a Church hostile to its real interests and dangerous to its Protestant independence. The discovery may hasten disestablishment; it can not fail to awaken more decided opposition to the ritualistic movement in our own country and in Europe.

As might be inferred from his high favor at the Vatican, Monsignor Capel is one of the firmest defenders of the Pope's infallibility. Whoever studies in his schools and graduates in his colleges will have necessarily learned that civil governments are subject to the Vicar of St. Peter, and that, if necessary, he may depose princes and dissolve constitutions at will. Like Manning, Newman, and their Continental allies, Capel lives in a dim past, of which Innocent III. is the shining model and Becket the spiritual guide. He is evidently of the opinion that England was happier in the reign of Henry II. than it is in that of Victoria; that freedom is a vain delusion, civilization a needless process; that it is better for half a nation to live in convents and nunneries, and the other half in squalor and filth, than to cultivate the cleanliness and decorum of the nineteenth century. Yet it is as an educator that he hopes to conquer England. It is upon its education that he would first seize. The school is his favorite weapon of assault upon Protestantism, his second the press. He hopes to use the one to show that all education uncontrolled by priests and nuns is useless; the other, to overthrow its own liberty and power. It is not a little remarkable that education is now the chief question that rules in English politics; that the ritualists and the Roman Catholics are united in demanding sectarian schools; that rather than fail of their aim they would leave the people in total ignorance; and that, like the ultramontanes of our own country, they have entered into a foolish crusade against knowledge. It is safe to say that in both hemispheres the Capels, Mannings, and their allies will be swept away by the spread of intelligence, and that free and universal education must be the guiding principle of any party that hopes for lasting supremacy by universal suffrage.

Yet it is only by the constant labors of the friends of knowledge that their final triumph will be assured. In no country are its enemies so bitter and active as in our own. Nowhere are so many foreign prelates, politicians, rebels, White Leaguers, and all the elements of the party of reaction more violent and dangerous to human progress; nowhere is there more need of a perfect union of all the lovers of learning in defense of free education. For knowledge and freedom must live or die together. Ritualism and Romanism demand sectarian schools, or none at all; ignorance, or an education by Mannings and Capels. But under such a training liberty would long ago have perished, and from such a system of instruction it never could have sprung. In this cause indeed there can be no compromise.

Eugene Lawrence.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Last June the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and British Provinces were cordially invited to hold their twentieth International Convention in Richmond, Virginia. The 26th of May has been fixed upon for this meeting by the Executive Committee, located in New York. This is the first time since 1860 that the Convention has been invited to meet at the South. During the civil war the home activity of these associations was practically suspended. Since the close of the war the number of them has rapidly increased in the Northern States and Canada, and recently they have begun to multiply in the South. During the last twenty years between one and two thousand Young Men's Christian Associations have been organized on this continent, with about two hundred thousand members. The general objects of the individual societies are well known. The social and religious methods which have been employed to benefit young men are numerous, and have proved both acceptable and useful. The reading-room, library, gymnasium, lecture-room, social gathering, musical entertainment, and educational class; the prayer-meeting, service of song, Christian boarding-house, and open-air service—these are some of the specific results of Association work. The growth and prosperity of these societies are largely due to the fact that they have constantly sought to strengthen one another by co-operative action. For this purpose the affiliated Associations meet each year to discuss the details of their work, and to consult about future methods to be adopted. There are also State and Provincial Conventions, which meet annually, and serve as a medium of intercourse, and to promote the growth of the individual societies.

Wonderful things have been wrought at Niagara by the zero temperature of the past winter. One special feature is the ice mounds which always form to some extent below the Falls; but this year they are mountains. The largest of these towers is alongside the precipice over which the American Fall rolls, and is estimated to be not less than one hundred and fifty feet in height from the river level—and at last accounts was still growing.

The *Court Journal* asserts that the arctic regions, especially Iceland and Northern Norway, will be the fashionable resort during the coming summer. It is expected the Prince of Wales will venture across the charmed circle of ice and snow.

The Maine Legislature recently adjourned, after a session of fifty days, during which it accomplished a praiseworthy amount of business. Eleven new savings-banks were authorized, a United States Senator elected, seventeen amendments to the Constitution disposed of, and companies incorporated with capital to the amount of $2,575,000. Other Legislatures should note this dispatch.

Hot lemonade is excellent for a cold, and lemons are plenty enough in the markets.

A new opera-house is to be built for London on the Thames Embankment. It is to consist not only of a theatre, but also of an academy of music, an academy for the ballet, a concert-room, and a café. The estimated cost of construction is about £150,000, and it is expected to be finished for the Italian season of 1876.

It would be a sensible thing if churches generally should follow the example of the Broadway Tabernacle in one respect. On a conspicuous corner of that building is this inscription: "Broadway Tabernacle Congregational Church, Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D., Pastor." Strangers in a large city almost invariably are interested to know the names of churches, and few residents are themselves so well informed but that such notices would be a great convenience.

A remarkable and romantic case has recently come before the Petition Committee of the Paris Assembly. Some time in the seventeenth century one Jean Thierry, aged fourteen, ran away from home in search of adventure. He so far succeeded that he made a friend who left him a fortune, with which Jean settled down in Venice. Finally he died, in 1676, bequeathing 20,000,000 francs to his family. As soon as this was known, people bearing the name of Thierry rushed from all parts of France to Venice, and large sums were paid out to persons who were subsequently found to have had no legitimate claim. The matter was then put into the hands of the law, where it remained quiet until 1797. Then Bonaparte destroyed the republic of Venice, and seized the public treasury, together with the Thierry succession. Since then no less than 300 persons have laid claim to it unsuccessfully. The last alleged heir is a Madame Cotton, who swears she is the only descendant in a direct line. The Petition Committee put aside her claim on the ground that the matter is before the tribunal. The succession is said to amount now to 100,000,000 francs.

In 1323 the Mediterranean Sea was entirely frozen over. In 1420 Paris experienced so great cold that it was depopulated. In 1469 wine was frozen so hard in France and Germany that it was cut into blocks and sold by weight. Wine-coolers—if they had been invented then—must have depreciated in value that year. In 1607 cattle in Paris froze in their stalls, and the Seine could be crossed by heavy carts. In 1709 mass was not said for many weeks in certain provinces, so it is stated, because the wine could not be kept in a fluid state. The winter of 1740 was one of extreme rigor in Russia, and the famous ice palace was constructed at St. Petersburg; 1765 and 1788 were years of intense cold throughout Europe, and in 1871 the mercury fell to six degrees below zero in Paris.

An old theory was that nothing to eat must be taken at bed-time. Now a medical writer, while deprecating a hearty meal on retiring, says that if one is hungry at that time a *little* food is decidedly beneficial. Something light—a cracker, a bit of bread-and-butter, or a little fruit—to relieve the sense of vacuity, and restore the tone of the system, is all that is necessary. Restless sleepers sometimes experience great relief by a very light luncheon before retiring.

Lady Burdett-Coutts certifies that of her own personal knowledge one Parisian milliner uses 40,000 humming-birds every season, and predicts that at this rate the species will soon become extinct. She wants a society for the protection of humming-birds.

In 1867 the steamer *Quaker City* took an excursion party to the Mediterranean, Holy Land, Egypt, the Crimea, Greece, and intermediate points of interest. A similar trip is proposed for the ensuing summer and fall. The plan is to take a select company, perhaps largely made up of mutual friends and acquaintances, in a first-class ocean steamer, provided with every needful comfort. The steamer will leave New York June 1, and return early in November, visiting during the five months a great number of places of interest. The expectation is that the excursionists will be in Marseilles about July 4; Naples, August 4; Constantinople, August 20; Joppa, September 4; Alexandria, September 20; Gibraltar, October 10; and New York, November 10.

Where is the society for the prevention of cruelty to boys? Not very long ago a boy living in a certain town of Northern New York was severely punished for getting his clothes wet and soiled by playing out in the snow. He was then told that if he came home again in that condition he would be "whipped within an inch of his life." But with the carelessness so common among boys, a few days afterward his clothes were again nearly soaked through. He was afraid to go home, and made up his mind to stay out until people were abed, and then crawl into a neighbor's wood-house and spend the night. Some time during the night the owner of the wood-house was awakened by groans, which seemed to come from the wood-shed, but which he thought was probably a stray dog. The noise continuing, he finally got up, dressed himself, took a light, and on going into the shed discovered the boy crouched in one corner, partly covered with some old carpeting, and insensible with cold. He carried him into the house, sent for his family, and after several hours of incessant labor the boy revived. In reply to all inquiries he only said that he "was afraid to go home."

Some of our younger readers may like to try the experiment of making a hanging garden of sponge. It is a pretty novelty. Take a white sponge of large size, and sow it full of rice, hemp, canary, grass, and other seeds; then place it in a shallow dish, in which a little water is constantly kept, and as the sponge will absorb the moisture, the seeds will begin to sprout before many days. When this has fairly taken place, the sponge may be suspended by means of cords in the window where a little sunshine will enter. It will thus become a mass of green foliage, and should be refreshed with water daily so as to be kept moist.

Panama Bay has been unusually phosphorescent during the past month. At night, it is said by local newspapers, every wave as it breaks on shore and on reefs looks like a wreath of bluish fire. The star-like light thus given out announces the presence of myriads of the oceanic animalcules with which the sea abounds at this season.

There are 754 journals, of various kinds, published in Paris. In all the rest of France there are 562.

"Spelling matches" have been a popular as well as a sensible kind of amusement at the West during the past winter. Ohio seems to have taken the lead in the sport, and we judge from reports that some of the "first families" participate in it. At Lebanon, Ohio, nearly five hundred persons were present at one contest, and forty-four ladies and gentlemen participated. The prize was a handsome Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. From the vivacious account of another spelling match, in Jackson, Ohio, we make a quotation:

"Dr. Williams missed the word *chaise*; J. H. Bunn fell under first fire on *typify*; Manager Ezekiel Jones couldn't get his foot in *stirrup*; Mr. Eben Jones's hearing was not very good, and the person who whispered to him how to spell *scourge* didn't tell him right; E. Crandall couldn't get away with *grievous*; Judge Evans succumbed to the word *dactyl*; Mrs. Charles James modestly retired on *yeomanry*; T. M. Jones spells *writ* without a *w*, but being prompted by his legal neighbor, who knew, hurriedly corrected it, and finally went down under that word so distasteful to weak-kneed persons during the war, to wit, *volunteer*; George W. Cavett slipped on *battalion*; Mr. A. Robbins wrestled with *sheriff*, and yielded—after spelling it right first, preferred to change, and took off an *f*; Miss Emma Miller couldn't get through *embrasure*; Captain Baldridge couldn't see it on *separable*; Mrs. Robbins missed the word *fricassee*; Captain Morgan hastily snatched the word *omnivorous* from a little girl who had spelled it right, and misspelled it himself, going down below zero, and has not been heard from since; Captain Charles Atkinson wilted and sunk through the floor, and was found this morning in the Recorder's Office, under the court-room, looking up the word *Fahrenheit*. His thermometer's exploded."

Sound health rules: "Use good, simple food. Take plenty of sleep. Do your work in the sunshine that God gives, not in artificial light. Use relaxation."

One hundred graduates and six hundred under-graduates have been sent out from the Maine State Normal School at Castine during the seven years of its existence. All of these have found work in the schools of the State. Every pupil in this Normal School is required to conduct the recitations of his class from time to time, to give practice in teaching.

Every thing in the house of Michael Angelo at Florence remains much as he left it 300 years ago. In the small rooms are pieces of sculpture, artistic designs, and sketches by the distinguished artist, while his dining-room walls are covered with frescoes. One side of the room is devoted to men of science, with Galileo and his telescope; philosophers occupy another portion of space, Aristotle and Plato in the foremost rank; then come men of the Church; and finally poets and romance-writers, surrounded by palm-trees and fountains. Dante and Petrarch are recognizable, and Savonarola is not forgotten. The books, furniture, pictures, statuettes, etc., with which Michael Angelo adorned his house occupy their original places, while the varied scenes of his life are represented in pictures by his favorite pupils.

Among English physicians the "Museum headache" is now a recognized ailment. The great reading-room of the British Museum is very crowded, very hot, and very poorly ventilated, according to recent reports. There are also many literary and scientific men who work nearly all day in small unhealthy rooms in the Museum. Some of them have been forced to give up their work entirely on account of their health, being conscious all the while that the ill-ventilated rooms had done the mischief.

The London *Athenæum* states that Mr. George Smith has discovered among the Assyrian tablets in the British Museum the legend of the building of the Tower of Babel. This discovery is quite as important as that of the tablet relating to the Deluge, made known last year by the same gentleman.

Roqueplan was the first manager in Paris who filled up his company with young lady novices who were no actresses, and who were usually glad to pay out of their own pockets for the privilege of appearing on the stage. One of these amateurs once declared to a friend that she was about to leave the Variétés because Roqueplan had raised all the actresses' salaries. Upon being remonstrated with and told that she ought to be delighted at such a measure, "You don't understand," replied the indignant *carte-de-visite* actress; "I used to give Roqueplan sixty francs a month, and now he wants a hundred!"

The London *Academy* states that Lieutenant Cameron's map and journal, which were unaccountably delayed at Aden, have arrived in England. The map of Tanganyika, in five sheets, supplies an accurate delineation of that important lake. The survey has been executed with great care. Every cape and indentation of the coast is shown, and the mouth of every river. The names are all given, and pains have evidently been bestowed upon obtaining a correct rendering of the sounds uttered by the natives. Lieutenant Cameron had not seen Dr. Livingstone's work, and both the agreements and differences are interesting. The naval officer, working from a boat, has delineated the coast-line in more detail and with more accuracy, while he shows the general correctness of Livingstone's work. All doubt about the discovery of the outlet to Lake Tanganyika by Lieutenant Cameron is removed by the arrival of the map.

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Obstruction of nasal passages, discharge falling into throat; sometimes profuse, watery, acrid, or thick and tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid, offensive, etc. In others a dryness, weak or inflamed eyes, ringing in ears, deafness, ulcerations, scabs from ulcers, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impaired smell and taste, etc. Few only of above symptoms likely to be present in any case at one time.

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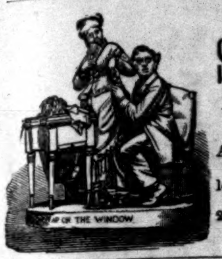
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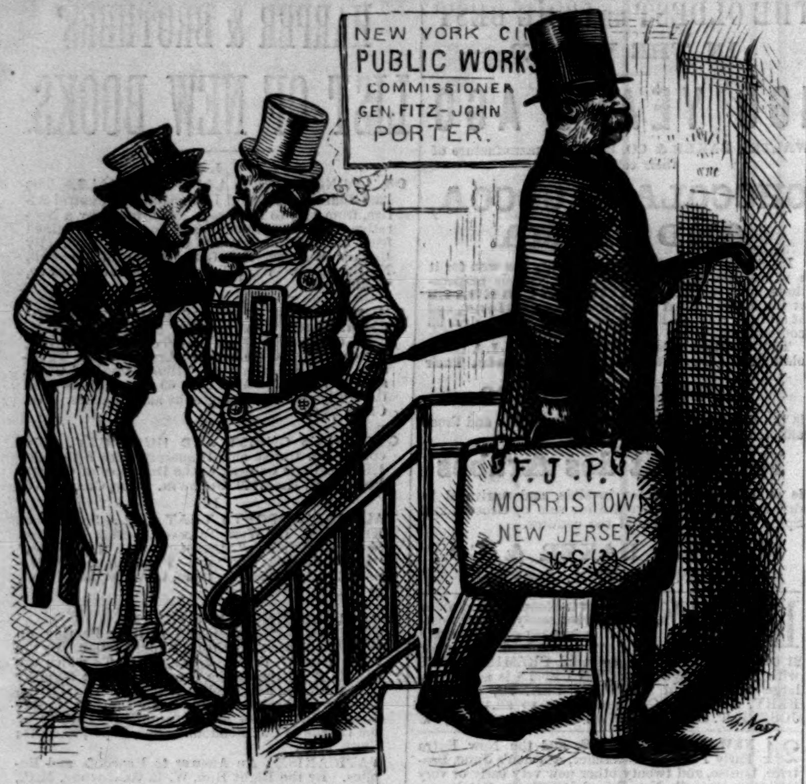

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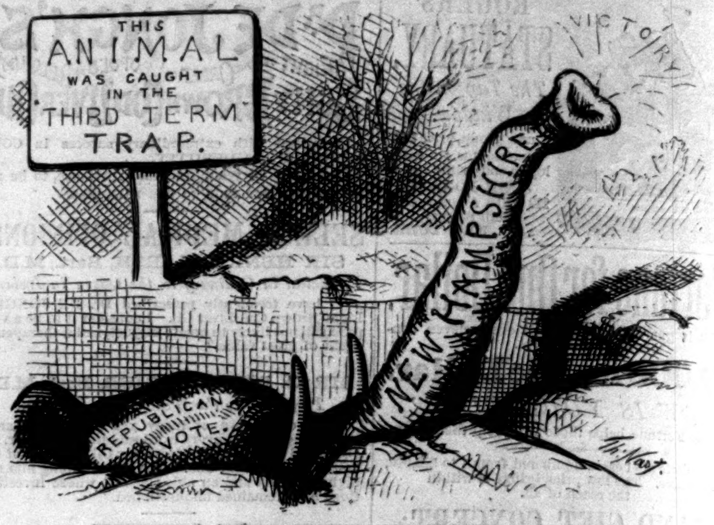
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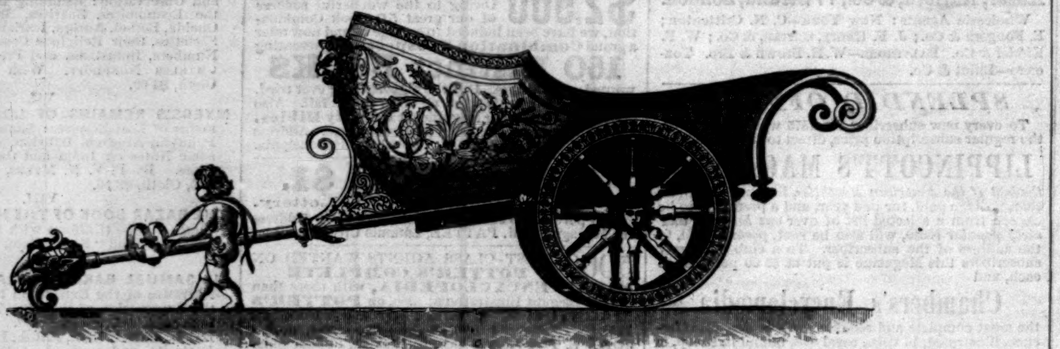

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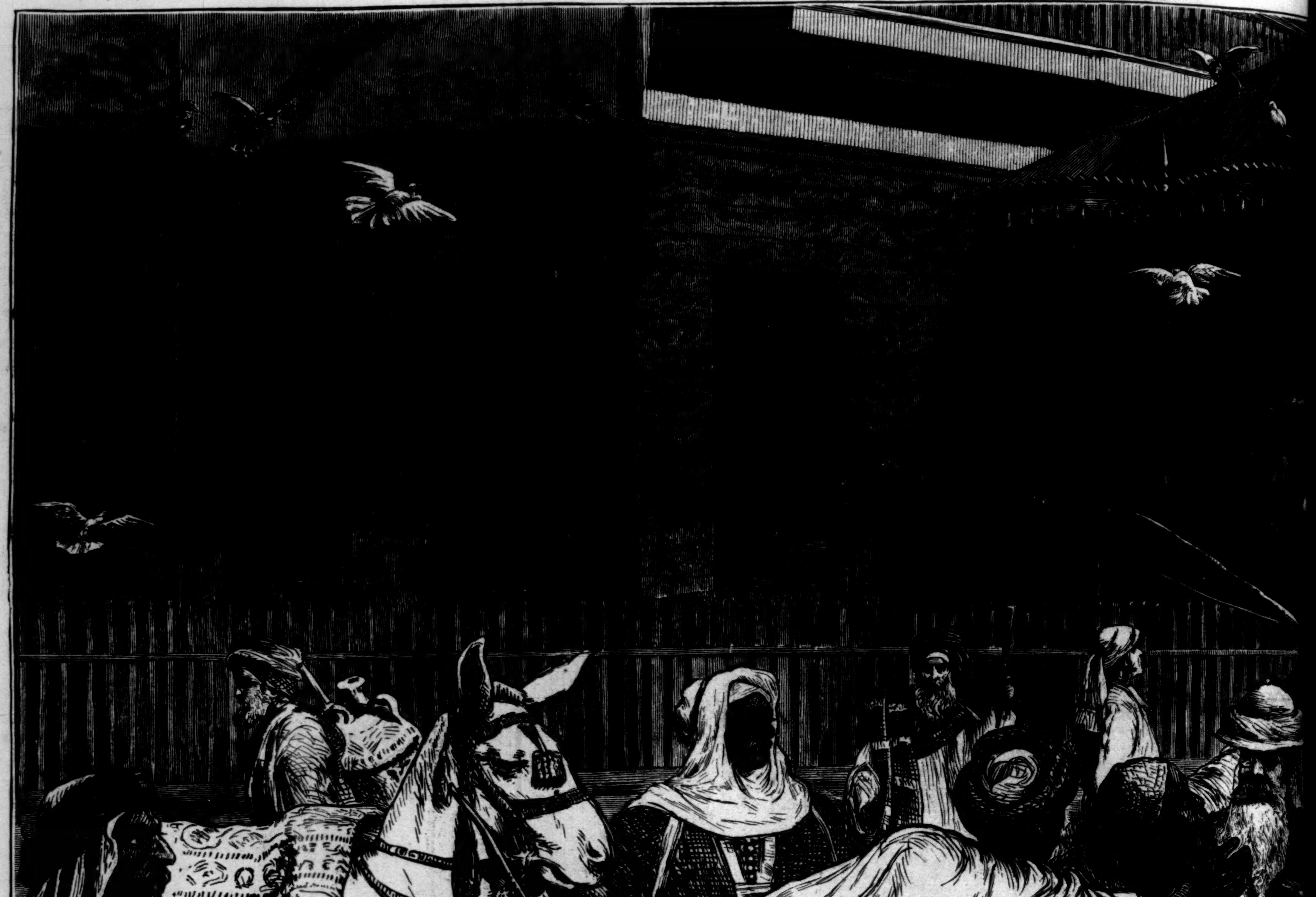
Masquerades can be traced back to the mysteries, miracle-plays, and public religious ceremonials of the Middle Ages, when masks were worn without any idea of fun or gayety. Under the demoralizing influence of corrupt courts and a dissolute aristocracy, masquerading speedily degenerated; and when public masked balls were introduced into England and Italy nearly four hundred years ago, there was a general outcry against the practice from decent and soberminded people. During the reign of NAPOLEON III. masked balls were revived with great splendor in Paris; but the best police regulations and the most rigid restrictions in regard to costumes could not save them from falling into scandalous disrepute. It was conceded to be impossible, in a city like Paris, to maintain decency at public masked balls, to which any one has the right to purchase a ticket, and the question of forbidding them altogether has been seriously entertained by the French government.

The illustration on this page shows a party of Parisian masqueraders emerging from a ballroom under most discouraging circumstances. It is late, the night is cold and rainy, the cabs have long since deserted the streets, and the maskers are compelled to walk home in their fantastic and, in some cases, very scanty costumes—a decidedly unpleasant *finale* to a night of gayety.

THE BESIEGED TOURIST.

A MORE embarrassing situation can hardly be imagined than that in which the unlucky hero of our double-page illustration finds himself on the occasion of his first venture into the streets of Cairo unattended by his dragoman. He is unable to understand the jargon of the crowd of yelling Arab donkey boys by whom he is besieged, each one bawling out at the top of his voice the merits of his own beast, and almost tearing off his clothes in their eagerness to capture him. The people in the hotel balcony appear to find great amusement in watching the situation. The unfortunate tourist meanwhile can do nothing but stand still and wait for the boys to retire from the attack.

A BAL MASQUÉ IN PARIS—A RAINY NIGHT AND NO CARRIAGES.



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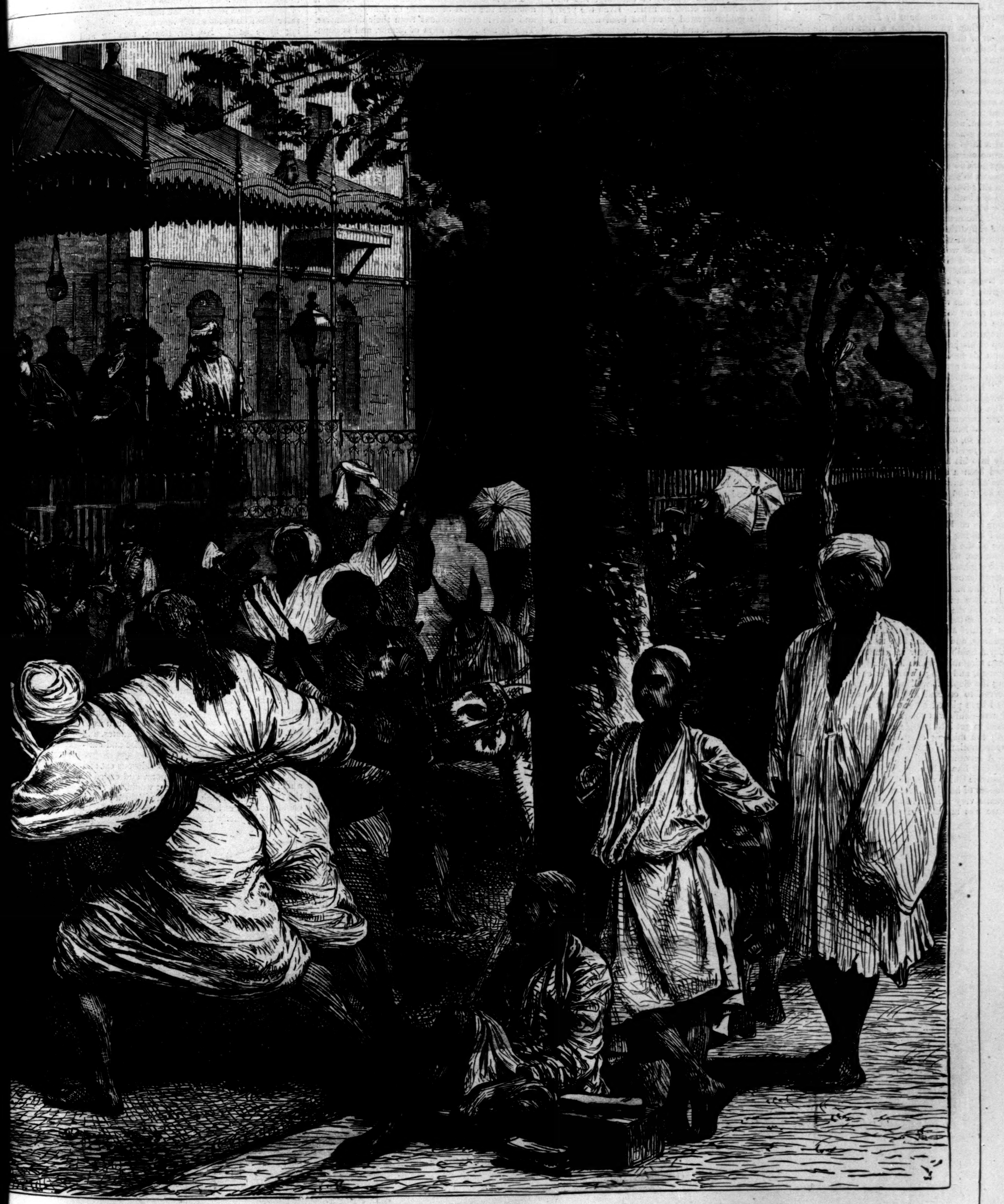

BOYS AT CAIRO.—[SEE PAGE 269.]